THE GREAT DVKE OF FLORENCE.

A Comicall Historie.

As it hath beene often presented with good allowance by her Matie Servants at the Phœnix in Drurie Lane.

Written by PHILIP MASSINGER.

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The Actors names.

Duke, *Duke of Florence.*
Giovanni, *Nephew to the Duke.*

Lodovico Sanazarro, *the Duke's Favorite.*
Carolo Charomonte, *Competitor in Love.*
Contarino, *Secretary to the Duke.*

Alphonso, }
Hippolito, } *Counsellors of State.*
Hieronimo, }
Calandrino, *a merrie fellow servant to Giovanni.*

Bernardo, }
Caponi, } *Servants to Carolo Charomonte.*
Petruchio, }

Fiorinda, *Dutchesse of Urbin.*
Lidia, *Daughter to Carolo Charomonte*
Calamintha, *Servant to Fiorinda.*
Perregrine, *Servant to Lidia.*

TO THE TRULY HONORED, AND MY NOBLE Favourer, Sir R[illegible] Knight, of Thornhill Hall in E[illegible]

SIR, I dare not be ungratefull for the many benefits you have heretofore conferr'd upon me, so I have just reason to feare [illegible] my attempting this way to make satisfaction (in some measure) for so due a debt, will higher ingage me. However examples encourage me. The most able in my poore Quality have made use of Dedications in this Nature, to make the world take notice (as farre as in them lay) who, and what they were that gave supportment, and protection to their Studies, being more willing to publish the Doer, then receive a benefit in a corner. For my [illegible] I will freely, and

with a zealous thankfulneſſe acknowledge, that for many yeares I had but faintly ſubſiſted, if I had not often taſted of your Bounty. But it is above my ſtrength, and faculties, to celebrate to the deſert, your noble inclination, (and that made actuall) to raiſe up, or to ſpeak more properly, to rebuild the ruines of demoliſh'd Poeſie. But that is a worke reſerved, and will be, no doubt, undertaken, and finiſhed, by one that can to the life expreſſe it. Accept I beſeech you the tender of my ſervice, and in the liſt of thoſe you have obliged to you, contemne not the Name of

Your true and

faithfull Honorer

PHILIP MASSINGER.

On his great Duke of Florence;
To Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, my much esteemed friend.

(***)

ENjoy thy Lawrell! 'tis a noble choice,
Not by the suffrages of voice
Procur'd; but by a conquest so atchiev'd
As that thou hast at full reliev'd
Almost neglected Poetrie, whose Bayes
(Sullid by childish thirst of praise)
Wither'd into a dulnesse of Despaire,
Had not thy later labour (heire
Vnto a former industrie) made knowne
This Work, which thou may'st call thine owne,
So rich in worth, that th'ignorant may grudge
To finde true vertue is become their Iudge.

GEORGE DONNE.

To the deserving memory, of this worthy Worke, and the Author, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER.

ACtion *gives many Poems right to live,*
This Piece gave life to Action; *and will give*
For state, and language, in each change of Age,
To Time, delight; and honour to the stage.
Should late prescription faile which fames that Seat,
This Pen, might style The Duke of Florence Great.
Let many Write; Let much be Printed; read,
And censur'd; Toyes; no sooner-batch't, then dead.
Here, without blush to Truth of commendation,
Is prov'd, how Art hath out-gone Imitation.

JOHN FORD.

A COMICAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT DVKE OF FLORENCE.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Carolo Charemonte. Contarino.

Carolo. YOu bring your welcome with you.
Contarino. Sir, I finde it
In every circumstance.
Carolo. Againe most welcome.
Yet give me leave to wish (and pray you excuse me)
For I must use the freedome I was borne with)
The great Dukes pleasure had commanded you
To my poore house upon some other service,
Not this you are designde to; but his will
Must be obeyde, how ere it ravish from me
The happy conversation of one
As deere to me as the old Romans held
Their household *Lars*, whom they believ'd had power
To blesse and guard their families.
Contarino. 'Tis receiv'd so:
On my part Signior; nor can the Duke
But promise to himselfe as much as may
Be hop'd for from a Nephew. And t'were weaknesse
In any man to doubt, that *Giovanni*
Train'd up by your experience and care
In all those Arts peculiar, and proper
To future Greatnesse, of necessity
Must in his actions being growne a man
Make good the Princely education
Which Hee deriv'd from you.
Carolo. I have discharg'd,
To the utmost of my power, the trust the Duke
Committed to me, and with joy perceive

The ſeed of my endeavours was not ſowen
Upon the barren ſands, but fruitfull glebe,
Which yeelds a large encreaſe; my noble Charge,
By his ſharp wit, and pregnant apprehenſion
Inſtructing thoſe that teach him; making uſe
Not in a vulgar and pedantique forme
Of what's read to him, but 'tis ſtreight digeſted
And truly made his owne. His grave diſcourſe,
In one no more indebted unto yeares,
Amazes ſuch as heare him; horſmanſhip
And skill to uſe his weapon are by practiſe
Familiar to him; as for Knowledge in
Muſique, He needs it not, it being borne with him,
All that He ſpeaks being with ſuch grace deliver'd
That it makes perfit harmony.

Contarino. You deſcribe
A wonder to me.

Carolo. Sir, he is no leſſe,
And that there may be nothing wanting that
May render him compleat, the ſweetneſſe of
His diſpoſition ſo winnes on all
Appointed to attend him, that they are
Rivalls ev'n in the courſeſt office, who
Shall get præcedencie to doe him ſervice:
Which they eſteeme a greater happineſſe
Then if they had beene faſhion'd, and built up
To hold command o're others.

Contarino. And what place
Does he now bleſſe with his preſence?

Caro'o. He is now
Running at the ring, at which he's excellent.
He does alott for every exerciſe
A ſeverall houre, for Sloath the Nurſe of vices
And ruſt of action, is a ſtranger to him.
But I feare I am tedious, let us paſſe
If you pleaſe to ſome other ſubject, though I cannot
Deliver him as he deſerves.

Contarino. You have giv'n him

A noble-

A noble character.

Carolo. And how I pray you
(For we that never looke beyond our villa's
Must be inquisitive) are State affaires
Carried in Court?

Contarino. There's little alteration.
Some rise, and others fall; as it stands with
The pleasure of the Duke, their great disposer.

Carolo. Does *Lodovico Sanazarro* hold
Waight, and grace with him?

Contarino. Every day new honours
Are showr'd upon him, and without the envie
Of such as are good men. Since all confesse
The service done our Master in his warres
'Gainst *Pisa*, and *Sienna*, may with justice
Claime what's conferr'd upon him.

Carolo. 'Tis said nobly.
For Princes never more make knowne their wisdome
Then when they cherish goodnesse, where they finde it,
They being men, and not Gods, *Contarino*;
They can give wealth and titles, but no vertues;
That is without their power. When they advance
(Not out of judgement, but deceiving fancie)
An undeserving man, how ere set of
With all the trim of greatnesse, state, and power,
And of a creature ev'n growne terrible
To him from whom he tooke his Gyant forme,
This thing is still a Comet, no true starre;
And when the bounties feeding his false fire
Begin to faile, will of it selfe goe out,
And what was dreadfull, prooves ridiculous.
But in our *Sanazarro* 'tis not so.
He being pure and tride gold, and any stamp
Of grace to make him currant to the world
The Duke is pleas'd to give him, will adde honor
To the great bestower, for he though allow'd
Companion to his Master, still preserves
His Majestie in full lustre.

Contarino. Hee indeede
At no part does take from it, but becomes
A partner of his cares, and eases him,
With willing shoulders, of a burthen, which
Hee should alone sustaine.

Carolo. Is Hee yet married?

Contarino. No Signior, still a Batchelor, how e're
It is apparent, that the choyceſt Virgin
For beauty, bravery, and wealth in *Florence*,
Would with her Parents glad consent, be woon
(Were his affection, and intent but knowne)
To be at his devotion.

Carolo. So I think too. *Enter Giovanni & Calandrino.*
But break we off. Here comes my Princely charge.
Make your approaches boldly, you will finde
A courteous entertainment.

Giovanni. Pray you forbeare
My hand, good Signior. 'Tis a ceremony
Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace
With mutuall armes.

Contarino. It is a favour Sir
I grieve to be denide.

Giovanni. You shall o're-come.
But 'tis your pleasure, not my pride that grants it.
Nay pray you Guardian, and good Sir, put on:
How ill it shewes to have that reverend head
Be uncover'd to a Boy?

Carolo. Your Excellence
Must give me liberty to observe the distance
And duty that I owe you.

Giovanni. Owe me duty?
I doe professe, and when I doe denie it
Good fortune leave me; You have beene to me
A second Father, and may justly challenge
(For trayning up my youth in Arts, and Armes)
As much respect, and service, as was due
To him that gave me life. And did you know Sir
Or will beleeve from me, how many steepes

Good *Charimont* hath broken in his eare
To build me up a man, you muſt confeſſe
Chiron the Tutor to the great *Achilles*
Compar'd with him, deſerves not to be nam'd.
And if my gracious Uncle the great Duke
Still holds me worthy his conſideration,
Or findes in me ought worthy to be lov'd,
That little rivolet flow'd from this ſpring,
And ſo from me report him.

Contarino. Fame already
Hath fill'd his Highneſſe eares with the true ſtory
Of what you are, and how much better'd by him,
And 'tis his purpoſe to reward the travaile
Of this grave Sir with a magnificent hood.
For though his tenderneſſe hardly could conſent
To have you one houre abſent from his ſight,
For full three yeares he did denie himſelfe
The pleaſure Hee tooke in you, that you, here
From this great Maſter might arrive unto
The Theory of thoſe high myſteries
Which you by action muſt make plaine in Court.
'Tis therefore his requeſt (and that from him
Your Excellence muſt grant a ſtrict command)
That inſtantly (it being not five houres riding)
You ſhould take horſe, and viſit him. Theſe his letters
Will yeeld you farther reaſons.

Calandrino. To the Court!
Farewell the flower then of the Countries garland.
This is our Sunne, and when Hee's ſet, we muſt not
Expect or Spring, or Summer, but reſolve
For a perpetuall Winter.

Carolo. Pray you obſerve *Giovanni reading the Letter.*
The frequent changes in his face.

Contarino. As if
His much unwillingneſſe to leave your houſe,
Contended with his duty.

Carolo. Now he appeares
Collected and reſolv'd.

Giovanni. It is the Duke
The Duke upon whose favour, all my hopes
And fortunes doe depend. Nor must I check
At his commands for any private motives
That doe invite my stay here, though they are
Almost not to be master'd. My obedience
In my departing suddenly shall confirme
I am his Highnesse creature. Yet I hope
A little stay to take a solemne farewell
For all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted
In this my sweet retirement, from my Guardian,
And his incomparable daughter, cannot meete
An ill construction.

Contarino. I will answer that,
Use your owne will.

Giovanni. I would speake to you Sir
In such a phrase as might expresse the thanks
My heart would gladly pay. But, ——

Carolo. I conceive you:
And something I would say, but I must doe it
In that dumb rhetorique, which you make use of;
For I doe wish you all —— I know not how
My toughnesse melts, and spite of my discretion
I must turne woman.

Contarino. What a sympathie
There is betweene em.

Calandrino. Were I on the Rack
I could not shed a teare. But I am mad,
And ten to one shall hang my selfe for sorrow
Before I shift my shirt. But heare you Sir,
I'll separate you. When you are gone, what will
Become of me?

Giovan. Why thou shalt to Court with me.

Calandrino. To see you worried?

Contarino. Worried *Calandrino*?

Caland. Yes Sir. For bring this sweet face to the Court
There will be such a longing 'mong the Madames,
Who shall ingrosse it first, nay fight and scratch for't,

That

That if they be not stop'd, for entertainment
They'll kisse his lips off. Nay, if you'll scape so
And not be tempted to a farther danger,
These *Succubæ* are so sharp set, that you must
Give out you are an Eunuch.

Contarino. Have a better
Opinion of Court-Ladies, and take care
Of your owne stake.

Calandrino. For my stake 'tis past eating,
I would not have a bird of uncleane feathers
Hansell his Limetwig, and so much for him.
There's something else that troubles me.

Contarino. What's that?

Caland. Why how to behave my self in Court, nicely
I have beene told the very place ruins formes men,
And that no pore of a thousand, that before
Liv'd honestly in the Country, on plaine Sallads,
But bring him thither, marke me that, and feed him
But a moneth or two with Custards and Court Cakebread,
And he turnes Knave immediatly. I would be honest,
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.

Giovanni. And if I ever reach my hopes, believe it
We will share fortunes.

Carolo. This acknowledgement *Enter Lidia.*
Bindes me your debtor ever. Here comes one
In whose sad lookes you easily may reade
What her heare suffers, in that she is forc'd
To take her last leave of you.

Contarino. As I live
A beauty without parallel, their Make
Angells may above, their Maker only
Lidia. Must you goe then
So suddenly? Time
Giovanni. There's no evasion, Lydia,
To gaine the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatnesse with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse.
And we, whom for our high births, they conclude
The onely free men, are the onely slaves.

Happy

Happy the golden meane! had I beene borne
In a poore lordlie Cottage; not nurs'd up
With expectation to command a Court:
I might, like such of your condition (Sweetest)
Have tooke a safe and middle course, and not
As I am now against my choyse compell'd
Or to lye groveling on the earth, or rais'd
So high upon the pinnacles of State,
That I must either keepe my height with danger,
Or fall with certaine ruine.

Lidia. Your owne goodnesse
Will be your faithfull guard.

Giovanni. O *Lidia.*

Contarino. So passionate!

Giovanni. For had I beene your equall
I might have seene and lik'd with mine own eyes,
And not as now with others; I might still,
And without observation, or envie,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone in my esteeme
The abstract of Society; we might walke
In solitary Groves, or in choyce Gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate natures workmanship, and wonders.
And then for change, neare to the murmur of
Some bubling fountaine, I might heare you sing,
And from the well-tun'd accents of your tongue
In my imagination conceive
With what mellodious harmony a Quire
Of Angells sing above, their Makers praises.
And then with chast discourse, as we perus'd
Impe feathers to the broken wings of Time,
And all this I must part from.

Contarino. You forget
The hast impos'd upon us.

Giovanni. One word more
And then I come. And after this, when with
Continued innocence, of love, and service,

I had

I had growne ripe for Hymen, all joyes
Embracing you, but with a lawfull flame
I might have beene your husband.
Lidia. Sir, I were
And ever am your servant, but it was,
And 'tis farre from the, with a thought to cherish
Such sawcie hopes: if I had beene the heire
Of all the Globes and Scepters mankind bowes to,
At my best you had deserv'd me, as I am
How e're unworthy, in my virgin zeale
I wish you as a partner of your bed,
A Princesse equall to you, such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all th'obedience of a wife to please you,
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmayde.
Giovanni. I am dumb,
And can make no reply.
Contarino. Your Excellence
Will be benighted.
Giovanni. This kisse bath'd in teares
May learne you what I should say.
Lidia. Give me leave
To wayt on you to your horse.
Carolo. And me to bring you
To the one halfe of your journey.
Giovanni. Your love puts
Your age to too much trouble.
Carolo. I grow young
When most I serve you.
Conta. Sir, the Duke shall thank you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus primi Scena secunda.

Alphonso, Hippolito, Hieronimo, with a Petition.

Alphonso. HIs Highnesse cannot take it ill.
Hippolito. However,
We with our duties shall expresse our care

For the safety of his Dukedome.

Hieronimo. And our loves *Enter Cozimo*
To his person. Here he comes. Present it boldly. *the Duke.*

Cozimo. What needs this form? we are not grown so proud
As to disdaine familiar conference
With such as are to counsaile, and direct us.
This kinde of adoration shew'd not well
In the old Roman Emperors, who forgetting
That they were flesh & blood, would be styl'd gods,
In us to suffer it were worse. Pray you rise.
Still the old suit, with too much curiousnesse *Readers.*
You have too often search'd this wound, which yeelds
Security and rest, not trouble to me.
For here you grieve, that my firme resolution
Continues me a Widdower; and that
My want of issue to succeede me in
My government, when I am dead, may breed
Distraction in the State, and make the name
And family of the Medices, now admir'd,
Contemptible.

Hippolito. And with strong reasons Sir.

Alphonso. For were you old and past hope to beget
The modell of your selfe; we should be silent.

Hieronimo. But being in your height and pride of yeeres
As you are now great Sir, and having too
In your possession the daughter of
The deceas'd Duke of *Vrbin*, and his heire,
Whose Guardian you are made, were you but pleas'd
To think her worthy of you, besides children
The Dukedome she brings with her for a dower,
Will yeeld a large encrease of strength and power
To those faire territories, which already
Acknowledge you their absolute Lord.

Cozimo. You presse us
With solid arguments we grant, and though
We stand not bound to yeeld account to any
Why we doe this or that (the full consent
Of our Subjects being included in our Will)

We

We out of our free bounties will deliver
The motives that divert us. You well know
That three yeeres since to our much griefe, we loſt
Our Dutches, ſuch a Dutches, that the world
In her whole courſe of life, yeelds not a Lady
That can with imitation deſerve
To be her ſecond: in her grave we buried
All thoughts of woman: let this ſatisfie
For any ſecond marriage. Now whereas
You name the heire of *Vrbin*, as a Princeſſe
Of great revenues, 'tis confeſs'd ſhe is ſo;
But for ſome cauſes private to our ſelfe,
We have diſpos'd her otherwiſe. Yet deſpaire not,
For you ere long with joy ſhall underſtand,
That in our Princely care we have provided
One worthy to ſucceed us. *Enter Lodovico*

Hippolito. We ſubmit. *Sanazarro.*
And hold the counſailes of great *Cozimo*
Oraculous.

Cozimo. My *Sanazaro.* Nay,
Forbeare all ceremony. You looke ſprightly friend,
And promiſe in your cleare aſpect ſome novell
That may delight us.

Sanazarro. O Sir, I would not be
The Harbinger of ought that might diſtaſt you.
And therefore know (for 'twere a ſinne to torture
Your Highneſſe expectation) your Vice-Admirall
By my directions hath ſurpriz'd the Gallies
Appointed to tranſport the Aſian tribute
Of the great Turke, a richer Prize was never
Brought into *Florence*.

Cozimo. Still my Nightingale,
That with ſweet accents doeſt aſſure me, that
My Spring of happineſſe comes faſt upon me,
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretch
An enemy to brave and thriving action,
That dares beleeve, but in a thoughe, we are
Too prodigall in our favours to this man,

Whose merits, though with him we should devide
Our Dukedome, still continuous his debtor.
Hippolito. 'Tis farre from me.
Alphonso. We all applaud it.
Cozimo. Nay, blush not *Sanazarro*, we are proud
Of what we build up in thee, nor can our
Election be disparag'd, since we have not
Receiv'd into our bosome and our grace
A glorious lazie Drone, growne fat with feeding
On others toyle, but an industrious Bee
That crops the sweet flowers of our enemies,
And every happy evening returnes
Loaden with wax and hony to our Hive.
Sanazarro. My best endevours never can discharge
The service I should pay. *Enter Giovanni and Lorenzo.*
Cozimo. Thou art too modest,
But we will study how to give, and when,
Before it be demanded. *Giovanni!*
My Nephew; let me eye thee better Boy.
In thee me thinks my Sister lives againe:
For her love I will be a Father to thee,
For thou art my adopted Sonne.
Giovanni. Your Servant
And humblest Subject.
Cozimo. Thy hard travells Nephew
Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbeare
For the present an account, how thou hast spent
Thy absent houres. See Signiors, see, our care
Without a second bed provides you of
A hopefull Prince. Carrie him to his Lodgings,
And for his farther honour *Sanazarro*
With the rest doe you attend him.
Giovanni. All true pleasures
Circle your Highnesse.
Sanazarro. As the rising sunne
We doe receive you.
Giovan. May this never set, *Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro,*
But shine upon you ever. *Hieronimo, Alphonso, Lodovico.*

Cozimo.

Cozimo. Contarino!

Contarino. My gracious Lord.

Cozimo. What entertainment found you
From *Carolo de Charamonte*?

Contarino. Free
And bountifull. He's ever like himselfe
Noble and hospitable.

Cozimo. But did my Nephew
Depart thence willingly?

Contarino. He obey'd your summons
As did become him. Yet it was apparent
But that he durst not crosse your will, he would
Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding
Variety of sweetest entertainment;
But there was something else, nor can I blame
His youth, though with some trouble he took leave
Of such a sweet companion.

Cozimo. Who was it?

Contarino. The daughter sir of Signior *Carolo*,
Faire *Lidia*, a virgin at all parts,
But in her birth and fortunes, equall to him.
The rarest beauties *Italy* can make boast of,
Are but meere shadowes to her, she the substance
Of all perfection. And what encreases
The wonder Sir, Her bodies matchlesse forme
Is better'd by the pureness of her soule,
Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behaviour,
Such charming language, such inchanting manners,
With a simplicity that shames all Courtship,
Flow hourely from her, that I doe beleeve
Had *Circe*, or *Calipso* her sweet graces,
Wandring *Vlisses* never had remembred
Penelope, or *Ithaca*.

Cozimo. Be not rap'd so.

Contarino. Your Excellence would be so had you seen her

Cozimo. Take up. Take up. But did your observation
Note any passage of affection
Betweene her and my Nephew?

Contarino. How it ſhould
Be otherwiſe betweene 'em, is beyond
My beſt imagination. *Cupids* arrowes
Were uſeleſſe there, for of neceſſity
Their yeeres and diſpoſitions doe accord ſo
They muſt wound one another.

Cozimo. Umh! Thou art
My Secretary *Contarino*, and more skill'd
In politique deſignes of State, then in
Thy judgement of a beauty; give me leave
In this to doubt it. Here. Goe to my Cabinet, (of *Vrbin.*
You ſhal find there Letters newly receiv'd touching the ſtate
Pray you with care peruſe them, leave the ſearch
Of this to us.

Contarino. I doe obey in all things. *Exit Contarino.*

Cozimo. Lydia! A Diamond ſo long conceal'd,
And never worne in Court! of ſuch ſweet feature?
And he on whom I fixe my Dukedomes hopes,
Made Captive to it! Vmh! 'tis ſomewhat ſtrange,
Our eyes are every where, and we will make
A ſtrict enquiry. *Sanazarro!* *Enter Sanazarro.*

Sanazarro. Sir!

Cozimo. Is my Nephew at his reſt?

Sanazarro. I ſaw him in bed Sir.

Cozimo. 'Tis well, and does the Princes *Fiorinda*
(Nay, doe not bluſh, ſhe is rich *Vrbins* heire)
Continue conſtant in her favours to you?

Sanazarro. Dread ſir, ſhe may diſpenſe the as ſhe pleaſes,
But I looke up to her as on a Princeſſe
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope
Her prodigall graces ſhall not render me
Offended to your Highneſſe.

Cozimo. Not a ſcruple.
He whom I favour as I doe my friend,
May take all lawfull graces that become him.
But touching this hereafter; I have now
(And though perhaps it may appeare a trifle)
Serious imployment for thee.

Sanazar. I ſtand ready
For any act you pleaſe.
Cozimo. I know it friend,
Have you ne're heard of *Lidia* the daughter
Of *Carolo Charamonte*?
Sanazar. Him I know ſir
For a noble Gentleman, and my worthy friend,
But never heard of her.
Cozimo. She is deliver'd
And feelingly to us by *Comarino*
For a maſter-peece in nature, I would have you
Ride ſuddenly thither to behold this wonder;
But not as ſent by us, that's our firſt caution;
The ſecond is, and carefully obſerve it,
That though you are a Batchelor, & endow'd with
All thoſe perfections that may take a virgin,
On forfeit of our favour doe not tempt her.
It may be her faire graces doe concerne us.
Pretend what buſineſſe you think fit, to gaine
Acceſſe into her Fathers houſe, and there
Make full diſcovery of her, and returne me
A true relation, I have ſome ends in it
With which we will acquaint you.
Sanazar. This is Sir
An eaſie taske.
Cozimo. Yet one that muſt exact
Your ſecrecie, and diligence. Let not
Your ſtay be long.
Sanazar. It ſhall not ſir.
Cozimo. Farewell,
And be, as you would keepe our favour, carefull.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus ſecundi Scæna prima.

Fiorinda. Calaminta.

Fiorinda. HOw does this dreſſing ſhow?
Calaminta. 'Tis of it ſelfe

Curious

Curious and rare: but borrowing ornament
As it does from your Grace, that daine to weare it,
Incomparable.

Fiorinda. Thou flatter'st me.

Calaminta. I cannot,
Your Excellence is above it.

Fiorinda. Were we lesse perfect,
Yet being as we are an absolute Princesse,
We of necessity must be chast, wise, faire,
By our prerogative. Yet all these faile
To move where I would have them. How receiv'd
Count *Sanazarro* the rich Scarfe I sent him
For his last Visit?

Calaminta. With much reverence,
I dare not say affection. He expres'd
More ceremonie in his humble thanks
Then feeling of the favour; and appear'd
Wilfully ignorant in my opinion
Of what it did invite him to.

Fiorinda. No matter,
He's blinde with too much light. Have you not heard
Of any private Mistresse he's ingag'd to?

Calaminta. Not any, and this does amaze me Madame,
That he, a Souldier, one that drinks rich wines,
Feedes high, and promises as much as *Venus*
Could wish to finde from *Mars*, should in his manners
Be so averse to women.

Fiorinda. Troth I know not,
He's man enough, and if he has a haunt,
He preyes farre off like a subtill Fox.

Calaminta. And that way
I doe suspect him. For I learnt last night
(When the great Duke went to rest) attended by
One private follower, he tooke horse, but whither
He's rid, or to what end I cannot guesse at,
But I will finde it out.

Fiorinda. Doe faithfull servant, *Enter Calandrino.*
We would not be abus'd. Who have we here?

Calaminta.

Calaminta. How the foole stares?

Fiorinda. And lookes as if he were
Conning his neck-verse.

Calandrino. If I now proove perfect
In my A. B. C. of Courtship, *Calandrino*
Is made for ever, I am sent; let me see,
On a how doe you, as they call't.

Calaminta. What would'st thou say?

Calan. Let me see thy notes. These are her lodgings. Well.

Calaminta. Art thou an Asse?

Caland. Peace, thou art a Court wagtaile *Calandrino still looking on his instructions.*
To interrupt me.

Fiorinda. He has giv'n it you.

Calandrino. And then say to th'illustrious *Fi. o. riu. da.*
I have it. VVhich is she?

Calaminta. VVhy this; Fopdoodle.

Calan. Leave chattering Bulfinch: you would put me out,
But 'twill not doe. Then after you have made
Your three obeysances to her, kneele and kisse
The skirt of Gowne. I am glad it is no worse.

Calaminta. And why so sir?

Calandrino. Because I was afraid
That after the Italian garbe I should
Have kiss'd her backward.

Calaminta. This is sport unlook'd for.

Calandrino. Are you the Princesse?

Fiorinda. Yes sir.

Calandrino. Then stand faire
(For I am cholerick) and doe not nip
A hopefull blossome. Once againe. Three low *Reades.*
Obeysances.

Fiorinda. I am ready.

Calandrino. I come on then.

Calaminta. With much formality. *Makes Antique gestures.*

Calandrino. Umph. One, two, three.
Thus farre I am right. Now for the last. O rare!
Shee is perfum'd all over! Sure great women
Instead of little dogges are privileg'd

To carrie Musk Cats,

Fiorinda. Now the ceremony
Is pass'd, what is the substance?

Calandrino. I'll peruse
My instructions, and then tell you: Her skirt kiss'd,
Informe her Highnesse, that your Lord,

Calaminta. Who's that?

Calandrino. Prince Giovanni, who entreates your Grace,
That he with your good favour may have leave
To present his service to you. I think I have nick'd it
For a Courtier of the first forme.

Fiorinda. To my wonder: *Enter Giovanni and a Gentleman.*
Returne unto the Prince: but he prevents
My answer. Calaminta take him off,
And for the neate delivery of his message
Give him ten Duccats, such rare parts as yours
Are to be cherish'd.

Calandrino. We will share. I know
It is the custome of the Court, when ten
Are promis'd, five is faire. Fie, fie, the Princesse
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,
And bid me not come to morrow.

Calaminta. Very good sir. *Exeunt Calandrino and Calaminta.*

Giovanni. Pray you friend
Informe the Duke I am putting into act
What he commanded.

Gentleman. I am proud to be imploy'd sir. *Exit Gentleman.*

Giovan. Madam, that without warrant I presume *They salute.*
To trench upon your Privacies, may argue
Rudenesse of manners. But this free accesse
Your Princely courtesie vouchsafes to all
That come to pay their services, gives me hope
To finde a gracious pardon.

Fiorinda. If you please, not
To make that an offence in your construction,
Which I receive as a large favour from you,
There needes not this Apologie.

Giovanni. You continue

As you were ever, the greatest Mistresse of
Faire entertainment.

Fiorinda. You are Sir the Master,
And in the Country have learnt to out-doe
All that in Court is practis'd. But why should we
Talke at such distance? You are welcome sir,
We have beene more familiar, and since
You wil impose this Part to me, you should governe,
Of boldnesse on me, give me leave to say
You are too punctuall. Sit sir, and discourse
As we were us'd.

Giovanni. Your Excellence knowes so well
How to command, that I can never erre
When I obey you.

Fiorinda. Nay, no more of this.
You shall o'recome; no more I pray you sir.
And what delights, Pray you be liberall
In your relation, hath the Country life
Afforded you?

Giovanni. All pleasures gracious Madame,
But the happinesse to converse with your sweet vertues.
I had a grave Instructer, and my houres
Design'd to serious Studies yeelded me
Pleasure with profit in the knowledge of
What before I was ignorant in. The Signior
Carolo de Chatomonte being skilfull
To guide me through the labyrinth of wilde passions,
That labour'd to imprison my free soule
A slave to vitious Sloath.

Fiorinda. You speake him well.

Giovanni. But short of his deserts. Then for the time
Of recreation I was allow'd
(Against the forme follow'd by jealous Parents
In Italy) full liberty to pertake
His daughters sweet society. She's a virgin
Happy in all endowments, which a Poet
Could fancie in his Mistresse; being her selfe
A Schoole of goodnesse, where chast Mayds may learne

(Without the aydes of fortaigne Principles)
By the example of her life and pureneſſe.
To be as ſhe is, excellent. I but give you
A briefe Epitome of her vertues, which
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,
Would make an ample Story.

Fiorinda. Your whole age
So ſpent with ſuch a Father, and a Daughter,
Could not be tedious to you.

Giovanni. True great Princeſſe:
And now ſince you have pleas'd to grant the hearing
Of my times expence in the Country, give me leave
To entreate the favour, to be made acquainted
What ſervice, or what objects in the County
Have in your Excellence acceptance, prov'd
Moſt gracious to you?

Fiorinda. I'll meete your demand,
And make a plaine diſcovery. The Dukes care
For my eſtate and perſon holds the firſt
And choyceſt place. Then the reſpect the Courtiers
Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd.
But that which rais'd in me the moſt delight
(For I am a friend to valour) was to heare
The noble actions truly reported
Of the brave Count *Sanazarro*. I profeſſe
When it hath beene, and fervently deliver'd,
How boldly in the horror of a fight
Cover'd with fire and ſmoake, and as if nature
Had lent him wings, like lightning he hath falne
Upon the Turkiſh Gallies, I have heard it
With a kinde of pleaſure, which hath whiſper'd to me
This Worthy muſt be cheriſh'd.

Giovanni. 'Twas a bounty
You never can repent.

Fiorinda. I glory in it:
And when he did returne (but ſtill with conqueſt)
His Armour off, not young, Antinous
Appear'd more Courtly; all the Graces that

Render a mans Society deere to Ladies,
Like Pages waiting on him, and to dote
VVorke strangely on me.

Giovanni. To divert your thoughts
Though they are fixt upon a noble subject,
I am a suitor to you.

Fiorinda. You will aske
I doe presume, what I may grant, and then
It must not be deni'd.

Giovanni. It is a favour
For which I hope your Excellence will thank me.

Fiorinda. Nay, without circumstance.

Giovanni. That you would please
To take occasion to move the Duke,
That you with his allowance may command
This matchlesse virgin Lidia (of whom
I cannot speake too much) to waite upon you.
She's such a one, upon the forfeit of
Your good opinion of me, that will not
Be a blemish to your trayne.

Fiorinda. 'Tis ranke! He loves her! *Aside.*
But I will fit him with a suit. I pause not
As if it bred or doubt or scruple in me
To doe what you desire, for I'll effect it,
And make use of a time and fit occasion.
Yet in returne, I aske a boone of you,
And hope to finde you, in your grant to me
As I have beene to you.

Giovanni. Command me Madame!

Fiorinda. 'Tis nere all yde to yours. That you would be
A Suitor to the Duke, not to expose
(After so many trialls of his faith)
The noble *Sanseuero* to all dangers,
As if he were a wall to stand the furie
Of a perpetuall batterie: but now
To grant him after his long labours, rest
And liberty to live in Court, his Armes
And his victorious sword and shield hung up

For monuments.

Giovan. Umph. I'll embrace faire Princes. *Enter Cosimo.*
The soonest oportunity. The Duke!

Cozimo. Nay, blush not; we smile on your privacie;
And come not to disturbe you. You are equalls,
And without prejudice to eithers Honour,
May make a mutuall change of love and Courtship,
Till you are made one, and wish holy rites;
And we give suffrage to it.

Giovanni. You are gracious.

Cozimo. To our selfe in this. But now break off. Too much
Taken at once of the most precious viands
Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now
For other sports, in which our pleasure is
That you shall keepe us company.

Fiorinda. We attend you. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundi Scena secunda.

Bernardo. Caponi. Petruchio.

Bernardo. IS my Lord stirring?

Caponi. No; he's fast!

Petruchio. Let us take then
Our morning draught. Such as are lovers of Beefe,
Mutton, and Capons, may preserve their health
With that thin composition call'd small Beere,
As 'tis said they doe in England. But Italians
That think when they have sup'd upon an Olive,
A Root, or bunch of Raysins, 'tis a Feast,
Must kill those cradities, rising from cold hearbs,
With hot and lusty wines.

Caponi. A happinesse
Those Tramontaines ne're reached.

Bernardo. Have they not
Store of wine there?

Caponi. Yes, and drink more in two houres
Then the Dutchmen, or the Dane in foure and twenty.

Petru. But what is't? French thalt, made of rotten grapes

And

And dregs, and lees of Spaine, with Welch Metheglyn,
A draught to kill a horse, but this pure Nectar
Being proper to our climate, is too fine
To brook the roughnesse of the Sea. The spirit
Of this begets in us quick apprehensions
And active executions, whereas their
Grosse feeding makes their understanding like it.
They can fight, and that's their all. *They drink.*
Sanazarro. Security. *Enter Sanazarro's servant.*
Dwells about this house I think, the gate's wide open,
And not a servant stirring. See the horses
Set up, and cloath'd.
Servant. I shall Sir.
Sanazarro. I'll make bold
To presse a little further.
Bernardo. Who is this,
Count *Sanazarro?*
Petruchio. Yes, I know him. Quickly
Remove the Flaggon.
Sanazarro. A good day to you friends.
Nay, doe not conceale your Physick, I approve it,
And if you please will be a Patient with you.
Petruchio. My noble Lord. *Drinks.*
Sanazarro. A health to yours. Well done,
I see you love your selves. And I commend you.
'Tis the best wisedome.
Petruchio. May it please your Honour
To walk a turne in the Gallery, I'll acquaint
My Lord with your being here. *Exit Petruchio.*
Sanazarro. Tell him I come
For a Visit onely. 'Tis a handsome pile this. *Exit Sanazarro.*
Caponi. Why here is a brave fellow, and a right one,
Nor wealth, nor greatnesse makes him proud. (Courtiers
Bernardo. There are too few of them, for most of our new
(Whose Fathers were familiar with the quicke
Of oyle, and corne, with whom and to whose uses
And left their Heires rich from their knowledge that way)
Like gourds shot up in a night, disdaine to speak to
But

But to cloath of Tissue. *Exe. Car. Charom. in a night-Gowne.*

Carol. Stand you prating, knaves, *Petruchio following.*
When such a guest is under my roofe? See all
The roomes perfum'd. This is the man that carries
The sway, and swinge of the Court; and I had rather
Preserve him mine with honest offices, then
But I'll make no comparisons. Bid my daughter
Trim her selfe up to the height, I know this Courtier
Must have a smack at her, and perhaps by his place
Expects to wriggle further, if he does
I shall deceive his hopes, but I'll not taint
My Honour for the Dukedome. Which way went he?

Caponi. To the round Gallerie.

Carolo. I will entertaine him
As fits his worth, and quality, but no farther. *Exeunt.*

Actus secundi Scæna tertia.

Sanazarro solus.

Sanazarro. I Cannot apprehend, yet I have argu'd
All wayes I can imagine, for what reasons
The great Duke does imploy me hither, and
What does encrease the miracle, I must render
A strict and true account, at my returne
Of Lidia this Lords daughter, and describe
In what she's excellent, and where defective.
'Tis a hard task; he that will undergoe
To make a judgement of a womans beauty,
And see through all her plaistrings, and paintings,
Had needs of Linceus eyes, and with more ease
May looke like him through nine mad walls, then make
A true discovery of her. But th'intents
And secrets of my Princes heart must be
Serv'd and not search'd into. *Enter Carolo Charomitte.*

Carolo. Most noble Sir
Excuse my rage subject to base, and Sloath,
That with no greater speed I have presented
My service with your welcome.

Sanazarro.

Sanazarro. 'Tis more fit
That I should aske your pardon for disturbing
Your rest at this unseasonable houre.
But my occasions carrying me so neere
Your hospitable house, my stay being short to;
Your goodnesse, and the name of friend, which you
Are pleas'd to grace me with, gave me assurance
A Visit would not offend.

Carolo. Offend my Lord?
I feele my selfe much younger for the favour.
How is it with our gracious Master?

Sanazarro. He Sir
Holds still his wonted Greatnesse, and confesses
Himselfe your debtor, for your love, and care
To the Prince Giovanni, and had sent
Particular thanks by me, had his Grace knowne,
The quick dispatch of what I was design'd to
Would have licens'd me to see you.

Carolo. I am rich
In his acknowledgement.

Sanazarro. Sir, I have heard
Your happinesse in a daughter.

Carolo. Sits the winde there?

Sanazarro. Fame gives her out for a rare master-peece.

Carolo. 'Tis a plaine Village Girle Sir, but obedient,
That's her best beauty Sir.

Sanazarro. Let my desire
To see her, finde a faire construction from you,
I bring no loose thought with me.

Carolo. You are that way
My Lord free from suspition. Her owne manners
(Without an imposition from me) *Enter Lidia and*
I hope will prompt her to it. As she is *Petronella.*
She's come to make a tender of that service
Which she stands bound to pay.

Sanazarro. With your faire leave
I make bold to salute you.

Lidia. Sir, if you have it.

Petronella. I am her Gentlewoman, wil he not kiſſe me to?
This is courſe ifaith.
Carolo. How he falls off!
Lidia. My Lord, though ſilence beſt becomes a Mayde,
And to be curious to know but what concernes my ſelfe,
and with becomming diſtance,
May argue me of boldneſſe, I muſt borrow
So much of modeſty as to enquire Prince Giovannies health?
Sanazar. Hee cannot want, what you are pleas'd to wiſh (him.
Lidia. Would 'twere ſo,
And then there is no bleſſing that can make
A hopefull and a noble Prince compleat,
But ſhould fall on him. O, he was our North ſtar,
The light and pleaſure of our eyes.
Sanazarro. Where am I?
I feele my ſelfe another thing! Can charmes
Be writ on ſuch pure Rubies? Her lips melt
Aſſoone as touch'd! not thoſe ſmooth gales that glide
O're happy Arabie, or rich Sabæa,
Creating in their paſſage gummes and ſpices,
Can ſerve for a weake ſimile to expreſſe
The ſweetneſſe of her breath. Such a brave ſtature
Homer beſtow'd on Pallas, every limbe
Proportion'd to it.
Carolo. This is ſtrange; my Lord.
Sanaza. I crave your pardon, and yours, matchleſſe Mayd,
For ſuch I muſt report you.
Petronella. There's no notice
Taken all this while of me.
Sanazarro. And I muſt adde
If your diſcourſe and reaſon parallel
The rareneſſe of your more then humane forme,
You are a wonder.
Carolo. Pray you my Lord make triall:
She can ſpeak I can aſſure you, and that my preſence
May not take from her freedome, I will leave you.
For know my Lord, my confidence dares truſt her
Where, and with whom ſhe pleaſes. If he be

Taken

Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancie
A better match; and for falſe play I know
The tricks, and can diſcerne them. Petronella!

Petronella. Yes my good Lord. *Exeunt Carolo and*

Carolo. I have imployment for you. *Petronella.*

Lidia. What's your will Sir?

Sanazarro. Madame, you are ſo large a theame to treat of,
And every Grace about you offers to me
Such copiouſneſſe of language, that I ſtand
Doubtfull which firſt to touch at. If I erre,
As in my choyce I may, let me entreat you
Before I doe offend, to ſigne my pardon,
Let this the Emblem of your innocence
Give me aſſurance.

Lidia. My hand joyn'd to yours
Without this ſuperſtition confirmes it.
Nor neede I feare you will dwell long upon me,
The barrenneſſe of the ſubject yeelding nothing
That Rhetorick with all her tropes and figures
Can amplifie. Yet ſince you are reſolv'd
To prove your ſelfe a Courtier in my praiſe,
As I am a woman (and you men affirme
Our ſex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it. *Carolo above.*
Now when you pleaſe begin. *Turnes from her.*

Sanazarro. Such Ledas paps were,
Down pillowes ſtyl'd by Jove. And their pure whiteneſſe
Shames the Swans Down, or ſnow. No heat of luſt
Swells up her Azure veines. And yet I feele
That this chaſt Ice but touch'd fans fire in me.

Lidia. You neede not noble Sir be thus tranſported,
Or trouble your invention to expreſſe
Your thought of me: the plaineſt phraſe and language
That you can uſe, will be too high a ſtraine
For ſuch an humble Theme.

Sanazarro. If the great Duke
Made this his end to try my conſtant temper,
Though I am vanquiſh'd, 'tis his fault, not mine.
For I am fleſh and blood, and have affections

Like other men. Who can behold the Temples,
Or holy Altars, but the Obiects worke
Deuotion in him? And I may as well
Walke ouer burning iron with bare feet
And be vnscorch'd, as looke upon this beauty
Without desire, and that desire pursu'd to,
Till it be quench'd with the enioying those
Delights, which to atchieve danger is nothing,
And loyalty but a word.

Lidia. I ne're was proud,
Nor can finde I am guilty of a thought
Deserving this neglect, and strangenesse from you.
Nor am I amorous.

Sanazarro. Suppose his Greatnesse
Loues her himselfe, why makes he choyce of me
To be his agent? it is tyrannie
To call one pinch'd with hunger to a feast,
And at that instant cruelly deny him
To taste of what he sees. Allegeance
Tempted too farre, is like the triall of
A good sword on an Anvill; as that often
Flies in peeces without service to the owner;
So trust enforc'd too farre prooues treachery,
And is too late repented.

Lidia. Pray you Sir,
Or licence me to leaue you, or deliuer
The reasons which inuite you to command
My tedious wayting on you.

Carolo. As I liue
I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride,
Or his simplicity?

Sanazarro. Whither haue my thoughts
Carried me from my selfe? in this my dulnesse,
I haue lost an oportunity. *He turnes to her.*

Lidia. 'Tis true, *She falls off.*
I was not bred in Court, nor liue a starre there,
Nor shine in rich embroderies, and pearle,
As they that are the Mistresses of great fortunes.

Are

Are every day adorn'd with.
Sanazarro. Will you vouchsafe
Your eare sweet Lady?
Lidia. Yet I may be bold
For my integrity, and fame, to ranke
With such as are more glorious. Though I never
Did injurie, yet I am sensible
When I am contemn'd, and scorn'd,
Sanazarro. Will you please to heare me?
Lidia. O the difference of natures. Giovanni,
A Prince in expectation, when he liv'd here,
Stole courtesie from heaven, and would not to
The meanest servant in my Fathers house
Have kept such distance.
Sanazarro. Pray you doe not think me
Unworthy of your eare, it was your beauty
That turn'd me statue, I can speake, faire Lady.
Lidia. And I can heare. The harshnesse of your Courtship
Cannot corrupt my curtesie.
Sanazarro. Will you heare me
If I speake of love?
Lidia. Provided you be modest,
I were uncivill else. *Carolo descends.*
Carolo. They are come to parlee,
I must observe this neerer.
Sanazarro. You are a rare one,
And such (but that my haste commands me hence)
I could converse with ever. Will you grace me
With leave to visit you againe.
Lidia. So you
At your returne to Court, doe me the favour
To make a tender of my humble service
To the Prince Giovanni.
Sanazarro. Ever touching
Upon that string? And will you give me hope
Of future happinesse?
Lidia. That, as I shall finde you.
The Fort that's yeelded at the first assault,

Is hardly worth the taking. *Enter Carolo.*

Carolo. O, they are at it.

Sanazar. She is a Magazine of all perfection,
And 'tis death to part from her, yet I muſt,
A parting kiſſe faire Maid.

Lidia. That cuſtome grants you.

Carolo. A homely breakfaſt does attend your Lordſhip.
Such as the place affords.

Sanazarro. No, I have feaſted
Already here, my thanks, and ſo I leave you.
I will ſee you againe. Till this unhappy houre
I was never loſt, and what to doe or ſay
I have not yet determin'd, *Exit Sanazarro.*

Carolo. Gone ſo abruptly?
'Tis very ſtrange.

Lidia. Under your favour Sir,
His comming hither was to little purpoſe
For any thing I heard from him.

Carolo. Take heede Lidia!
I doe adviſe you with a Fathers love,
And tenderneſſe of your honour: as I would not
Have you courſe and harſh in giving entertainment,
So by no meanes be credulous. For great men
Till they have gain'd their ends are Giants in
Their promiſes, but thoſe obtain'd, weake Pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxime
Alow'd among them, ſo they may deceive
They may ſweare any thing; for the Queen of love
As they hold conſtantly, does never puniſh,
But ſmile at Lovers perjuries. Yet be wiſe too,
And when you are ſu'd to in a noble way,
Be neither nice, nor ſcrupulous.

Lidia. All you ſpeake Sir
I heare as Oracles, nor will digreſſe
From your directions.

Carolo. So ſhall you keepe
Your fame untainted.

Lidia. As I would my life Sir. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus

Actus tertij Scæna prima.

Samazarro. Servant.

Samaz. LEave the horſes with my Groomes; but be you (carefull
With your beſt diligence, and ſpeed to finde out
The Prince, and humbly in my name entreat him
I may exchange ſome private conference with him
Before the great Duke know of my arrivall.

Servant. I haſt my Lord.

Samazarro. Here I'll attend his comming,
And ſee you keepe your ſelfe as much as may be
Conceal'd from all men elſe.

Servant. To ſerve your Lordſhip
I wiſh I were inviſible. *Exit ſervant.*

Samazarro. I am driven
Into a deſperate ſtreight, and cannot ſteere
A middle courſe; and of the two extreames
Which I muſt make election of, I know not
Which is more full of horror. Never ſervant
Stood more ingag'd to a magnificent Maſter
Then I to Cozimo. And all thoſe honors
And glories by his Grace conferr'd upon me,
Or by my proſperous ſervices deſerv'd,
If now I ſhould deceive his truſt, and make
A ſhipwrack of my loyalty, are ruin'd.
And on the other ſide, if I diſcover
Lidias divine perfections, all my hopes
In her are ſunke, never to be boy'd up:
For 'tis impoſſible, but aſſoone as ſeene
She muſt with adoration be ſu'd to.
A Hermit at his beades, but looking on her,
Or the cold Cinique, whom Corinthian Lais,
Not mov'd with her luſts blandiſhments, call'd a ſtone,
At this object would take fire. Nor is the Duke
Such an Hippolitus, but that this Phædra
But ſeene, muſt force him to forſake the Groves
And Dians Huntſmanſhip, proud to ſerve under

Venus

Venus soft Ensignes. No, there is no way
For me to hope fruition of my ends,
But to conceale her beauties; and how that
May be effected, is as hard a taske
As with a vayle to cover the Sunnes beames,
Or comfortable light. Three yeares the Prince
Liv'd in her company, and Contarino
The Secretary, hath possess'd the Duke
What a rare peece she is. But he's my creature,
And may with ease be frighted to denie
What he hath said. And if my long experience
With some strong reasons I have thought upon,
Cannot o're-reach a youth, my practise yeelds me
But little profit. *Enter Giovanni and the servants.*

Giovanni. You are well return'd Sir.

Sanaz. Leave us. When that your Grace shall know the motives
That forc'd me to invite you to this trouble,
You will excuse my manners. *Exit servants.*

Giovanni. Sir, there needs not
This circumstance betweene us. You are ever
My noble friend.

Sanazarro. You shall have further cause
To assure you of my faith and zeale to serve you,
And when I have committed to your trust
(Presuming still on your retentive silence)
A secret of no lesse importance, then
My honor, nay my head, it will confirme
What value you hold with me.

Giovanni. Pray you beleeve Sir
What you deliver to me, shall be lock'd up
In a strong Cabinet; of which you your selfe
Shall keepe the key. For here I pawne my Honor
(Which is the best security I can give yet)
It shall not be discover'd.

Sanazarro. This assurance
Is more then I with modesty could demand
From such a paymaster, but I must be sudden in,
And therefore to the purpose. Can your Excellence

In

In your imagination conceive
On what designe, or whither the Duke will
Commanded me hence last night?
Giovanni. No I assure you,
And it had beene a rudenesse to enquire
Of that I was not call'd to.
Sanazarro. Grant me hearing,
And I will make you truly understand,
It onely did conceme you.
Giovanni. Me my Lord?
Sanazar. You in your present state, and future fortunes,
For both lye at the stake.
Giovanni. You much amaze me.
Pray you resolve this riddle.
Sanazarro. You know the Duke,
If he die issue-lesse (as yet he is)
Determines you his Heire.
Giovanni. It hath pleas'd his Highnesse
Oft to professe so much.
Sanazarro. But say, he should
Be woone to prove a second wife, on whom
He may beget a sonne, how in a moment
Will all those glorious expectations, which
Render you reverenc'd and remarkable,
Be in a moment blasted, how e're you are
His much lov'd sisters sonne?
Giovanni. I must beare it
With patience, and in me it is a duty
That I was borne with: and 'twere much unfit
For the receiver of a benefit
To offer for his owne ends, to prescribe
Lawes to the givers pleasure.
Sanazarro. Sweetly minister'd,
And like your noble selfe: This your rare temper
So winnes upon me, that I would not live
(If that by honest Arts I can prevent it)
To see your hopes made fruitlesse: And but thinke
How you shall be transform'd from what you are,

Should this (as heaven avert it) ever happen,
It must disturbe your peace. For whereas now,
Being as you are receiv'd for the Heire apparant,
You are no sooner seene, but wondred at;
The Signiors making it a businesse to
Enquire how you have slep'd; and as you walke
The streetes of Florence, the glad multitude
In throngs presse but to see you, and with joy
The Father, pointing with his finger, tells
His sonne, This is the Prince, the hopefull Prince,
That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.
Great Ladies begge your picture, and take love
To that, despairing to enjoy the substance.
And but the last night, when 'twas briefly nimor'd
That you were come to Court (as if you had
By Sea past hither from another world)
What generall showts, and acclamations follow'd,
The bells rung lowd, the Bonfires blaz'd, and sluices
As lov'd not wine, carrowsing to your health,
Were drunk, and blush'd not at it. And is this
A happinesse to part with?

Giovanni. I allow these
As flourishes of Fortune, with which Princes
Are often sooth'd, but never yet esteem'd even
For reall blessings.

Sanazarro. Yet all these were pay'd
To what you may be, not to what you are,
For if the great Duke but shew to his servants
A sonne of his owne, you shall like one obscure
Passe unregarded.

Giovanni. I confesse, command
Is not to be contemn'd, and if my Fate
Appoint me to it, as I may I'll beare it
With willing shoulders. But my Lord as yet
You have tolde me of a danger comming towards me,
But have not nam'd it.

Sanazarro. That is soone deliver'd,
Great Cosme your Uncle, will needs

Then gueſſe, for 'tis no frivolous circumſtance
That does perſwade my judgement to beleeve it,
Purpoſes to be married.
Giovanni. Married, Sir?
With whom, and on what retmes, pray you inſtruct me?
Sanazarro. With the faire Lidia.
Giovanni. Lidia?
Sanazarro. The daughter
Of Signior Chatomonte.
Giovanni. Pardon me
Though I appeare incredulous, for on
My knowledge he ne'r ſaw her.
Sanazarro. That is granted;
But Contarino hath ſo ſung her praiſes,
And giv'n her out for ſuch a maſter-peece,
That he's tranſported without Sir. And love
Steales ſometimes through the eare into the heart
As well as by the eye. The Duke no ſooner
Heard her deſcrib'd, but I was ſent in poſt
To ſee her, and returne my judgement of her.
Giovanni. And what's your cenſure?
Sanazar. 'Tis a pretie creature,
Giovanni. She's very faire.
Sanazar. Yes, yes, I have ſeene worſe faces.
Giovanni. Her limbs are neatly form'd.
Sanazar. She hath a waſte
Indeede fit'd to lowſe with.
Giovanni. A delicate hand too.
Sanazar. Then for a legge and foote.
Giovanni. And there I leave you,
For I preſum'd no further.
Sanazar. As ſhe is Sir
I know ſhe wants no gracious part that may
Allure the Duke, and if he onely ſee her
She is his owne. He will not be deni'd,
And then you are loſt. Yet if you'll ſecond me
(As you have reaſon, for it moſt concernes you)
I can prevent all yet.

Giovanni.

Giovanni. I would you could
A noble way.
Sanazar. I will cry downe her beauties;
Especially the beauties of her minde,
As much as Contarino hath advanc'd 'em,
And this I hope, will breed forgetfulnesse,
And kill affection in him: but you must
Joyne with me in my report, if you be question'd.
Giovan. I never told a lye yet, and I hold it
In some degree blasphemous to dispraise
What's worthy admiration. Yet for once
I will dispraise a little, and not varie
From your relation.
Sanazar. Be constant in it. *Enter Alphonso.*
Alph. My Lord, the Duke hath seen your man, & wonders
You come not to him. See if his desire
To have cõference with you hath not brought *Ent. Cozimo,*
Him hither in his owne person. *Contarino and*
Cozimo. They are comely coursers, *Attendants.*
And promise swiftnesse.
Contarino. They are of my knowledge
Of the best race in Naples.
Cozimo. You are Nephew,
As I heare, an excellent horseman, and we like it:
'Tis a faire grace in a Prince. Pray you make triall
Of their strength and speed, and if you think them fit
For your imployment, with a liberall hand
Reward the Gentleman, that did present 'em
From the Viceroy of Naples. *Exeunt Giovanni, Alphonso, Hippolito.*
Giovanni. I will use
My best endevour Sir.
Cozimo. Wayte on my Nephew.
Nay stay you Contarino, be within call,
It may be we shal use you. You have rode hard Sir,
And we thank you for it. Every minute seemes
Irksome, and tedious to us; till you have
Made your discovery. Say friend, have you seene
This Phœnix of our age?
Sanazar. I have seene a Mayde Sir, But

But if that I have judgement, no such wonder
As she was deliver'd to you.

Cozimo. This is strange.

Sanazar. But certaine truth, it may be she was look'd on
With admiration in the Country Sir,
But if compar'd with many in your Court,
She would appeare but ordinary.

Cozimo. Contarino
Reports her otherwise.

Sanazar. Such as ne're saw Swannes,
May think Crowes beautifull.

Cozimo. How is her behaviour?

Sanazar. 'Tis like the place she lives in.

Cozimo. How her wit,
Discourse, and entertainment?

Sanazar. Very ecurse,
I would not willingly say poore, and rude,
But had she all the beauties of faire women,
The dulnesse of her soule would fright me from her.

Coz. You are curious Sir, I know not what to think on't.
Contarino!

Contarino. Sir.

Cozimo. Where was thy judgement man
To extoll a virgin, Sanazarro tells me
Is neerer to deformity.

Sanazarro. I saw her,
And curiously perus'd her, and I wonder
That she that did appeare to me, that know
What beauty is, not worthy the observing,
Should so transport you.

Contarino. Troth my Lord I thought then.

Cozimo. Thought? Didst thou not affirme it?

Contarino. I confesse Sir
I did beleeve so then, but now I heare
My Lords opinion to the contrary,
I am of another faith: for 'tis not fit
That I should contradict him. I am dimme Sir,
But he's sharpe sighted.

Sanazar. This is to my wish.

Cozi. We know not what to think of this, yet would not
Determine rashly of it. How doe you like *Enter Giovanni,*
My Nephewes horsemanship? *Hippo. Ludovico.*

Hippolito. In my judgement Sir
It is exact and rare.

Alphonso. And to my fancie
He did present great Alexander mounted
On his Bucephalus.

Cozimo. You are right Courtiers,
And know it is your duty to cry up
All actions of a Prince.

Sanazarro. Doe not betray *Aside to*
Your selfe, you are safe, I have done my part. *Giovanni.*

Giovanni. I thanke you,
Nor will I faile.

Cozimo. What's your opinion Nephew
Of the horses?

Giovanni. Two of them are in my judgement
The best I ever back'd. I meane the roane Sir,
And the browne bay: but for the chesnut colour'd,
Though he be full of mettall, hot, and fierie,
He treads weake in his paternes.

Cozimo. So, come neerer;
This exercise hath put you into a sweat,
Take this and dry it; and now I command you
To tell me truly what's your censure of
Charomontes daughter Lidia.

Giovanni. I am Sir
A novice in my judgement of a Lady,
But such as it is, your Grace shall heare it freely.
I would not speake ill of her, and am sorie
If I keepe my selfe a friend to truth, I cannot
Report her as I would, so much I owe
Her reverend Father. But I'll give you Sir
As neere as I can her character in little.
She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs
Not disproportion'd; for her face it is

Farre

Farre from deformity, yet they cannot have
That ſtyle it excellent: her features are
Simple and innocent: but her diſcourſe
And wit deſerve my pittie, more then praiſe.
At her be ſtudy Lord, ſhe is a handſome picture,
And that ſaid, all is ſpoken.

Cozimo. I beleeve you
I ne're yet found you falſe.

Giovanni. Nor ever ſhall Sir.
Forgive me matchleſſe Lidia I too much love
To bring his diſcontents, that compell me
Againſt my will, my reaſon, and my knowledge
To be a poore diſtracter of that beauty,
Which fluent Ovid, if he liv'd againe,
Would want words to expreſſe.

Cozimo. Pray you no more
The richeſt of our Furniture for that Chamber
And take my Nephew with you, we in this
Will follow his direction.

Giovanni. Could I finde how
The Princeſſe Fiorinda, and perſwade her
To be ſilent in this ſuit, I would move to her
All were ſecure.

Sanazarro. In that my Lord I leave you.

Coz. We will be private, leave us. All my ſtudies
And ſerious meditations ayme no further
Then this young mans good. He was my Sisters ſon,
And ſhe was ſuch a ſiſter when ſhe liv'd
I could not prize too much, nor can I better
Make knowne how deere I hold her memory,
Then in my cheriſhing the babe ſhe left
Which ſhe both left to him and me.

Fiorinda. Sir.

Cozimo. My faire charge, you are welcome to me.

Fiorinda. I have found it Sir.

Cozimo. All things goe well in Urbin.

Fiorinda. Your gracious care to me as Orphant, frees me
From all ſuſpition, that my jealous feares can drive to any
diſtracte.

Cozimo.

Cozimo. The next Summer
In our owne person, we will bring you thither,
And seat you in your owne.

Fiorinda. When you think fit Sir:
But in the meantime, with your Highnesse pardon,
I am a suitor to you.

Cozimo. Name it Madame,
With confidence to obtaine it.

Fiorinda. That you would please
To lay a strict command on Charolionte,
To bring his daughter Lidia to the Court,
And pray you think Sir that 'tis not my purpose
To imploy her as a servant, but to use her
As a most wish'd companion.

Cozimo. Ha. Your reason? (her

Fiorin. The hopefull Prince your Nephew Sir hath given
To me for such an abstract of perfection,
In all that can be wish'd for in a virgin,
As beauty, musique, ravishing discourse,
Quickness of apprehension, with choyce manners
And learning to, not usuall with women;
That I am much ambitious (though I shall
Appeare but as a foyle to set her off)
To be from her instructed, and supplid
In what I am defective.

Cozimo. Did my Nephew
Seriously deliver this?

Fiorinda. I assure your Grace
With zeale, and vehemencie, and even when
With his best words he strivd to set her forth
(Though the rare subject made him eloquent)
He would complaine, all he could say came short
Of her deservings.

Cozimo. Pray you have patience.
This was strangely caried. Ha! are we trifled with?
Dare they doe this? is Cozimos furie, that
Of late was terrible, growne contemptible?
Well, we will cleare our browes, and undermine

Their

Their ſecret works, (though they have dig'd like Moles,)
And cruſh 'em with the tempeſt of my wrath
When I appeare moſt calme. He is unfit
To command others, that knowes not to uſe it,
And with all rigour, yet my ſterne lookes ſhall not
Diſcover my intents, for I will ſtrike
When I begin to frowne. You are the Miſtreſſe
Of that you did demand.

Fiorinda. I thank your Highneſſe,
But ſpeed in the performance of the grant
Doubles the favours Sir.

Cozimo. You ſhall poſſeſſe it ſooner then you expect,
Onely be pleas'd to be ready when my Secretary
Waites upon you, to take the freſh ayre. My Nephew!
And my boſome friend ſo to cheat me, 'tis not faire!

Enter Giovanni, Sanazarro.

San. Where ſhould this Princeſſe be? nor in her lodgings,
Nor in the private walks, Her owne retreat
Which ſhe ſo much frequented?

Giovanni. By my life
She's with the Duke. And I much more then feare
Her forwardneſſe to prefer my ſuit, hath ruin'd
What with ſuch care we built up.

Cozimo. Have you furniſh'd
Thoſe Courſers, as we will'd you?

Sanazarro. There's no ſigne
Of anger in his lookes.

Giovanni. They are compleat Sir. (Madame.

Cozimo. 'Tis well. To your reſt. Soft ſleepes wayt on you
To morrow with the riſing of the Sunne
Be ready to ride with us. They with more ſafety
Had trod on fork-tongu'd Adders, thé provok'd me. *Ex. Coz.*

Fiorinda. I come not to be thank'd Sir for the ſpeedy
Performance of my promiſe touching Lidia,
It is effected.

Sanazarro. We are undone.

Fiorinda. The Duke
No ſooner heard me with my beſt of language

Deſcribe her excellencies, as you taught me,
But he confirm'd it. You looke ſad, as if
You wiſh'd it were undone.
Giovanni. No gracious Madame,
I am your ſervant for't.
Fiorinda. Be you as careſull
For what I mov'd to you. Count *Sanazarro*,
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchſafing
To weare ſo ſleight a favour.
Sanazarro. 'Tis a grace
I am unworthy of.
Fiorinda. You merit more
In prizing ſo a trifle. Take this Diamond,
I'll ſecond what I have begun. For know
Your valour hath ſo woone upon me, that
'Tis not to be reſiſted. I have ſaid Sir,
And leave you to interpret it. *Exit Fiorinda.*
Sanazarro. This to me
Is Wormewood. 'Tis apparant we are taken
In our owne nooze. What's to be done?
Giovanni. I know not.
And 'tis a puniſhment juſtly falne upon me
For leaving truth, a conſtant Miſtreſſe, that
Ever protects her ſervants, to become
A ſlave to lyes, and falſhood. What excuſe
Can we make to the Duke? what mercy hope for,
Our packing being laid open?
Sanazarro. 'Tis not to
Be queſtion'd, but his purpos'd journey is
To ſee faire Lidia.
Giovanni. And to divert him
Impoſſible.
Sanazarro. There's now no looking backward.
Giovanni. And which way to goe on with ſafety not
To be imagin'd.
Sanazarro. Give me leave, I have
An Embrion in my braine, which, I deſpaire not,
May be brought to forme and faſhion, provided

You will be open breasted.

Giovanni. 'Tis no time now
Our dangers being equall, to conceale
A thought from you.

Sanazar. What power hold you o're Lidia?
Doe you think that with some hazard of her life
She would prevent your ruine?

Giovanni. I presume so.
If in the undertaking it, she stray not
From what becomes her innocence, and to that
'Tis farre from me to presse her, I my selfe
Will rather suffer.

Sanazarro. 'Tis enough, this night
Write to her by your servant Calandrino
As I shall give directions, my man *Enter Caland.*
Shall beare him company. See Sir to my wish
He does appeare, but much transform'd from what
He was when he came hither.

Calandrino. I confesse
I am not very wise, and yet I finde
A foole, so he be parcell knave in Court,
May flourish and grow rich.

Giovanni. Calandrino.

Calandrino. Peace.
I am in contemplation.

Giovanni. Doe not you know me?

Caland. I tell thee? no, on forfeit of my place,
I must not know my selfe, much lesse my Father,
But by Petition. That Petition lin'd too
With golden birds, that sing to the tune of Profit,
Or I am deafe.

Giovan. But you have your sense of feeling. *Offering to kick him.*

Sanazar. Nay pray you forbeare.

Calandri. I have all that's requisite
To the making up of a Signior. My spruce ruffe,
My hooded cloake, long stockin, and pain'd hose,
My Case of tooth-picks, and my silver forke,
To convey an Olive neatly to my mouth,

And what is all in all, my pockets ring
A golden peale. O that the Peſants in the Country
(My quondam fellowes) but ſaw me as I am,
How they would admire and worſhip me!
Giovan. As they ſhall,
For inſtantly you muſt thither.
Calandri. My grand Signior
Vouchſafe a *bezolus manus*, and a cringe
Of the laſt edition.
Giovan. You muſt ride poſt with Letters
This night to Lidia.
Calandr. And it pleaſe your Grace
Shall I uſe my Coach, or foot-cloath Mule?
Sanazar. You Whidgin,
You are to make all ſpeed, think not of pompe.
Giovan. Follow for your inſtructions Sirra.
Calandr. I have one ſuit to you
My good Lord.
Sanazar. What is't?
Calandr. That you would give me
A ſubtill Court charme, to defend me from
Th'infectious ayre of the Country.
Giovan. What's the reaſon?
Caland. Why, as this Court ayre taught me knaviſh wit,
By which I am growne rich, if that againe
Should turne me foole and honeſt; Vaine hopes farewell,
For I muſt die a beggar.
Sanazar. Goe too Sirrha,
You'll be whip'd for this.
Giovan. Leave fooling, and attend us. *Exeunt.*

The end of the third Act.

Actus quarti Scena prima.

Carolo Charomante, Lidia.

Carolo. DAughter I have obſerv'd ſince the Prince left us
(Whoſe abſence I mourn with you, & the viſit
Count Sanazarro gave us, you have nouriſhed

Sad

Sad and retired thoughts, and parted with
That freedome, and alacrity of ſpirit
With which you us'd to cheere me.
Lidia. For the Count, Sir,
All thought of him does with his perſon die;
But I confeſſe ingenuouſly I cannot
So ſoone forget the choyce, and chaſt delights
The curteous converſation of the Prince,
And without ſtaine I hope, afforded me
When he made this houſe a Court.
Carolo. It is in us
To keepe it ſo without him. Want we know not,
And all we can complaine of (heaven be prais'd for)
Is too much plenty, & we will make uſe of *Enter ſeruants.*
All lawfull pleaſures. How now fellowes, when
Shall we have this luſty dance?
Caponi. In the after-noone Sir,
'Tis a device I wis of my owne making,
And ſuch a one, as ſhal make your Signiorſhip know
I have not beene your Butler for nothing, but
I have crotchets in my head. We'll trip it tirely,
And make my ſad young Miſtreſſe merry againe,
Or I'll forſware the Cellar.
Bernardo. If we had
Our fellow Calandrino here to dance
His part, we were perfect.
Petruchia. O, he was a rare fellow;
But I feare the Court hath ſpoil'd him.
Caponi. When I was young
I could have cut a caper on a pinnacle,
But now I am old & wiſe, keepe your figure faire,
And follow but the ſample I ſhall ſet you,
The Duke himſelfe will ſend for us, and laugh at us,
And that were credit. *Enter Calandrino.*
Lidia. Who have we here?
Calandrino. I finde (tender.
VVhat was brawne in the Country, in the Court growes
The bots on theſe joulting Jades, I am bruis'd to jelly.

A Coach for my mony! and that the Curtezans know well,
Their riding ſo, makes them laſt three yeares longer
Then ſuch as are hackneid.

Carolo. Calandrino, 'tis he.

Calan. Now to my poſtures. Let my hand have the honor
To convey a kiſſe from my lips to the cover of
Your foote deere Signior.

Carolo. Fie, you ſtoope too low Sir. (for Princes,

Calan. The hemme of your veſtment Lady. Your Glove is
Nay, I have con'd my diſtances.

Lidia. 'Tis moſt Courtly.

Caponi. Fellow Calandrino!

Caland. Signior de Caponi,
Grand Botelier of the Manſion.

Bernardo. How is't man? *Claps him on the ſhoulder.*

Calan. Be not ſo ruſtique in your ſalutations,
Signior Bernardo, Maſter of the accounts.
Signior Petruchio, may you long continue
Your function in the chamber.

Caponi. When ſhall we learne ſuch gambolls in our villa?

Lidia. Sure he's mad.

Carol. 'Tis not unlike, for moſt of ſuch muſhroomes are ſo.
What newes at Court?

Caland. Baſto! they are myſteries,
And not to be reveal'd. With your favour Signior,
I am in private to conferre a while
With this Signiora. But I'll pawne my honour,
That neither my terſe language, nor my habit
How e're it may convince, nor my new ſhrugs,
Shall render her enamour'd.

Carolo. Take your pleaſure
A little of theſe apiſh tricks may paſſe,
Too much is tedious. *Exit Carolo.*

Calandr. The Prince in this paper
Preſents his ſervice. Nay, it is not Courtly
To ſee the ſeale broke open. So I leave you.
Signiors of the Villa, I'll deſcend to be
Familiar with you.

Caponi.

Caponi. Have you forgot to dance?
Caland. No, I am better'd.
Petruch. Will you joyne with us?
Caland. As I like the project.
Let me warme my braines first with the richest Grape,
And then I am for you.
Caponi. We will want no wine. *Exeunt. Manet Lidia.*
Lidia. That this comes onely from the best of Princes,
With a kinde of adoration does command me
To entertaine it, and the sweet contents *Kissing the letter.*
That are inscrib'd here by his hand, must be
Much more then musicall to me. All the service
Of my life at no part can deserve this favour.
O what a virgin longing I feele on me.
To unrip the seale, and reade it, yet to breake
What he hath fastned, rashly, may appeare
A sawcie rudenesse in me. I must doe it,
(Nor can I else learne his commands, or serve 'em)
But with such reverence, as I would open
Some holy Writ, whose grave instructions beat downe
Rebellious sinnes, and teach my better part
How to mount upward. So, 'tis done, & I *Opens the Letter.*
With Eagles eyes wil curiously peruse it. *Reads the Letter.*

Chast Lidia: the favours are so great
On me by you conferr'd, that to intreat
The least addition to 'em, in true sense
May argue me of blushlesse impudence.
But such are my extreames, if you denie
A farther grace, I must unpitied die.
Hast cuts off circumstance; as you are admir'd
for beauty, the report of it hath fir'd
The Duke my Vncle, and I feare you'll prove,
Not with a sacred, but unlawfull love.
If he see you, as you are, my hop'd-for light
Is chang'd into an everlasting night.
How to prevent it, if your goodnesse finde
You save two lives, and me you ever binde,
The honourer of your vertues, Giovanni.

Were

Were I more deafe then Adders, theſe ſweet charmes
Would through my eares finde paſſage to my ſoule,
And ſoone inchant it: To ſave ſuch a Prince
VVho would not periſh? Vertue in him muſt ſuffer,
And piety be forgotten. The Dukes luſt
Though it rag'd more then Tarquins, ſhall not reach me.
All quaint inventions of chaſt virgins ayde me!
My prayers are heard, I have't. The Duke ne're ſaw me.
Or if that faile, I am againe provided. *This ſpoke*
But for the ſervants! They wil take what forme *as if ſhee*
I pleaſe to put upon them. Giovanni. *ſtudied an*
Be ſafe, thy ſervant Lidia aſſures it. *evaſion.*
Let mountaines of afflictions fall on me,
Their waight is eaſie, ſo I ſet thee free. *Exit.*

Actus quarti Scæna ſecunda.

Cozimo, Giovanni, Sanazarro, Carolo, Servants.

Sanazar. ARe you not tyr'd with travaile Sir?
Cozimo. No, no,
I am freſh and luſtie.
Carolo. This day ſhall be ever
A holy day to me, that brings my Prince
Under my humble roofe. *Weepes.*
Giovan. See Sir, my good Tutor
Sheds teares for joy.
Cozimo. Dry them up Charomonte,
And all forbeare the roome, while we exchange
Some private words together.
Giovan. O my Lord,
How groſly have we overſhot our ſelves!
Sanazarro. In what Sir?
Giovan. In forgetting to acquaint
My Guardian with our purpoſe; all that Lidia
Can doe, availes us nothing; if the Duke
Finde out the truth from him.
Sanazarro. 'Tis now paſs'd helpe, *Exeunt Giovan.*
And we muſt ſtand the hazard, hope the beſt Sir? *Sanazar.*
Carolo.

Carolo. My loyalty doubted Sir.

Cozimo. 'Tis more. Thou haſt
Abus'd our truſt, and in a high degree
Committed treaſon.

Carolo. Treaſon? 'tis a word
My innocence underſtands not. VVere my breaſt
Tranſparent, and my thoughts to be diſcern'd,
Not one ſpot ſhall be found to taynt the candor
Of my alleageance. And I muſt be bold
To tell you Sir (for he that knowes no guile
Can know no feare) 'tis tyrannie to o're-charge
An honeſt man, and ſuch till now I have liv'd,
And ſuch my Lord I'll die.

Cozimo. Sir, doe not flatter
Your ſelfe with hope, theſe great & glorious words
Which every guilty wretch, as well as you
That's arm'd with impudence, can with eaſe deliver,
And with as full a mouth, can work on us?
Nor ſhall gay flouriſhes of language cleare
What is in fact apparent.

Carolo. Fact? What fact?
You that know onely, what it is, inſtruct me,
For I am ignorant.

Cozimo. This then Sir: we gave up
(On our aſſurance of your faith and care,)
Our Nephew Giovanni, my, our heire
In expectation, to be train'd up by you
As did become a Prince.

Carolo. And I diſcharg'd it.
Is this the treaſon?

Cozimo. Take us with your Sir.
And in reſpect we knew his Youth was prone
To women, and that living in our Court
He might make ſome unworthy choyce, before
His weaker judgement was confirm'd, we did
Remove him from it; conſtantly preſuming
You with your beſt endevours, rather would
Have quench'd thoſe heates in him, then light a Torch,

As you have done to his looſeneſſe.

Carolo. I? my travaile
Is ill requited Sir, for by my ſoule
I was ſo curious that way, that I granted
Acceſſe to none could tempt him, nor did ever
One ſyllable, or obſcæne accent touch
His eare that might corrupt him.

Cozimo. No? Why then
With your allowance did you give free way
To all familiar privacie, betweene
My Nephew and your daughter? Or why did you
(Had you no other ends in't but our ſervice)
Reade to 'em, and together (as they had beene
Schollers of one forme) Grammar, Rhetorique,
Philoſophie, Storie, and interpret to 'em
The cloſe temptations of laſcivious Poets?
Or wherefore (for we ſtill had ſpies upon you)
Was ſhe ſtill preſent, when by your advice
He was taught the uſe of his weapon, horſmanſhip,
Wraſtling, nay ſwimming, but to fan in her
A hot deſire of him? and then forſooth
His exerciſes ended, cover'd with
A faire pretence of recreation for him,
When Lidia was inſtructed in thoſe graces
That add to beauty. He brought to admire her,
Muſt heare her ſing, while to her voyce, her hand
Made raviſhing Muſick; and this applauded, dance
A light Levalto with her.

Carolo. Have you ended
All you can charge me with?

Cozimo. Nor ſtop'd you there,
But they muſt unattended walke into
The ſilent Groves, and heare the amorous birds
Warbling their wanton notes, here a ſure ſhade
Of barren Sicamours: (which the all-ſeeing Sunne
Could not pierce through) neere that an arbor hung
With ſpreading Eglantine, there a bubling ſpring
Watring a banke of Hyacinths, and Lillies,
With all allurements, that could move to luſt.

And

And could this, Charomonte, (ſhould I grant
They had beene equalls both in birth and fortune)
Become your gravity? Nay, 'tis cleare as ayre
That your ambitious hopes to match your daughter
Into our family, gave connivence to it;
And this, though not in act, in the intent
I call high treaſon.

Carolo. Heare my juſt defence Sir,
And though you are my Prince, it wil not take from
Your Greatneſſe to acknowledge with a bluſh,
In this my accuſation you have beene
More ſway'd by ſpleene, and jealous ſuppoſitions,
Then certaine grounds of reaſon. You had a Father
(Bleſt be his memory) that made frequent proofes
Of my loyalty, and faith, and (would I boaſt
The dangers I have broke through in his ſervice)
I could ſay more. Nay, you your ſelfe, dread Sir,
VVhen ever I was put unto the teſt,
Found me true gold; and not adulterate metall,
And am I doubted now?

Cozimo. This is from the purpoſe.

Carol. I wil come to it Sir, your Grace wel knew
Before the Princes happy preſence made
My poore houſe rich, the chiefeſt bleſſings which
I gloried in, (though now it prove a curſe)
Was an onely daughter. Nor did you command me,
As a ſecurity to your future feares,
To caſt her off: which had you done, how e're
She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of
My feeble age; ſo farre I priz'd my duty
Above affection, ſhe now had beene
A ſtranger to my care. But ſhe is faire.
Is that her fault, or mine? Did ever Father
Hold beauty in his iſſue for a blemiſh?
Her education and her manners tempt to.
If theſe offend, they are eaſily remov'd.
You may, if you think fit, before my face,
In recompence of all my watchings for you,

VVith burning corrasives transforme her to
An ugly Leper; and this done to taint
Her sweetnes, prostitute her to a loathsom brothel.
This I will rather suffer Sir, and more,
Then live suspected by you.

Cozimo. Let not passion
Carie you beyond your reason.

Carolo. I am calme Sir,
Yet you must give me leave to grieve, I finde
My actions misinterpreted. Alas Sir,
VVas Lidias desire to serve the Prince
Call'd an offence? or did she practise to
Seduce his youth, because with her best zeale
And fervour she endevoured to attend him?
'Tis a hard construction: though she be my daughter
I may thus farre speake her. From her infancy
She was ever civill, her behaviour neerer
Simplicity then craft; and malice dares not
Affirme in one loose gesture, or light language,
She gave a signe she was in thought unchaste:
I'll fetch her to you Sir, and but looke on her
VVith equall eyes, you must in justice grant
That your suspition wrongs her.

Cozimo. It may be,
But I must have stronger assurance of it
Then passionate words. And not to trifle time,
As we came unexpected to your house,
We will prevent all meanes that may prepare her
How to answer that, with which we come to charge her.
And howsoever it may be receiv'd
As a foule breach to hospitable rites,
On thy alleageance, and boasted faith,
Nay forfeit of thy head, we doe confine thee
Close prisoner to thy Chamber, till all doubts
Are clear'd that doe concerne us.

Carolo. I obey Sir,
And wish your Grace had followed my hearse
To my Sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,

Rather then now? but I am silent Sir,
And let that speake my duty. *Exit Carolo.*
Cozimo. If this man
Be false, disguised treacherie ne're put on
A shape so neere to truth. VVithin there. *Enter Giovan. and Sanazar. ushering in Petronella.*
Sanazarro. Sir.
Cozimo. Bring Lidia forth.
Giovan. She comes Sir of her selfe *Caland. others setting forth a banquet.*
To present her service to you.
Cozimo. Ha. This personage
Cannot invite affection.
Sanazarro. See you keepe State.
Petronella. I warrant you.
Cozimo. The manners of her minde
Must be transcendent, if they can defend
Her rougher out-side; may we with your liking
Salute you Lady?
Petronella. Let me wipe my mouth Sir
VVith my Cambrick handkercher, and then have at you.
Cozimo. Can this be possible?
Sanazar. Yes sir, you will finde her
Such as I gave her to you.
Petronella. VVill your Dukeship
Sit down and eat some Sugar-plums: there's a Castle
Of March-Pane too, and this Quince Marmalade
Was of my owne making. All summ'd up together
Did cost the setting on, and here is wine too. *Drinks all off.*
As good as e're was tap'd. I'll be your taster,
For I know the fashion, now you must doe me right Sir,
You shall not will, nor choose.
Giovanni. She's very simple.
Cozi. Simple, 'tis worse. Doe you drink this often Lady?
Petro. Still when I am thirsty, and eate when I am hungry.
Such Junkets come not every day. Once more to you,
VVith a heart and a halfe faith.
Cozimo. Pray you pawse a little,
If I hold your Cards, I shall pull downe the side,
I am not good at the game.

Petronella. Then I'll drink for you.

Cozimo. Nay, pray you ſtay. I'll finde you out a pledge
That ſhall ſupply my place, what think you of
This compleat Signior? You are a Juno, and in ſuch ſtate
Muſt feaſt this Iupiter, what think you of him?

Petronella. I deſire no better.

Cozimo. And you will undertake this ſervice for me?
You are good at the ſport.

Calandr. Who I? A pidler Sir.

Cozimo. Nay, you ſhall ſit in throan'd, and eate, & drink
As you were a Duke.

Caland. If your Grace will have me,
I'll eate and drink like an Emperour.

Cozimo. Take your place then,
We are amaz'd.

Giovanni, This is groſſe. Nor can the impoſture
But be diſcover'd.

Sanazar. The Duke is too ſharpe ſighted
To be deluded thus.

Caland. Nay, pray you eate faire,
Or devide, and I will chooſe. Cannot you uſe
Your fork as I doe? Gape and I will feed you. *Feedes her.*
Gape wider yet, this is Court-like.

Petro. To choke Dawes with,
I like it not.

Caland. But you like this. *They drink.*

Petronel. Let it come Boy.

Cozi. What a ſight is this? we could be angry with you,
How much you did belye her when you told us
She was onely ſimple, this is barbarous rudeneſſe,
Beyond beliefe.

Giovanni. I would not ſpeake her Sir
Worſe then ſhe was.

Sanazarro. And I my Lord choſe rather
To deliver her better parted then ſhe is,
Then to take from her. *Enter Caponi.*

Caponi. E're I'll looſe my dance,
I'll ſpeake to the purpoſe. I am Sir no Prologue,

But in plaine termes muſt tell you, we are provided
Of a luſty Homepipe.
Cozimo. Prethee let us have it,
For we grow dull.
Caponi. But to make up the medley,
For it is of ſeverall colours, for we muſt borrow
Your Graces Ghoſt here.
Caland. Pray you Sir depoſe me,
It will not doe elſe. I am ſit the engine *Riſes and reſignes his chaire.*
By which it moves.
Petronel. I will dance with my Duke too,
I will not out.
Cozim. Begin then. There's more in this *Dance*
Then yet I have diſcover'd. Some Oedipus
Reſolve this riddle.
Petronel. Did I not foot it roundly? *Falls downe.*
Coz. As I live ſtark drunk. Away with her. We'll reward
When you have cool'd your ſelves in the Cellar. (you.
Caponi. Heaven preſerve you. *Exeunt dancers.*
Cozimo. We pitty Charomonte's wretched fortune
In a daughter, nay, a monſter. Good old man!
The place growes tedious. Our remove ſhall be
With ſpeed. We'll onely in a word or two
Take leave and comfort him.
Sanazar. 'Twill rather Sir
Encreaſe his ſorrow, that you know his ſhame,
Your Grace may doe it by Letter.
Cozimo. Who ſign'd you
A Patteut to direct us? Waite our comming
In the Garden.
Giovan. All will out.
Sanaz. I more then feare it. *Exeunt Giovan. & Sanazar.*
Coz. Theſe are ſtrange Chimeras to us! what to judge of't
Is paſt our apprehenſion! One command
Charomonte to attend us. Can it be *Exit ſervant.*
That Contarino could be ſo beſotted
As to admire this prodigie! or her Father
To dote upon it! or does ſhe perſonate

For

For ſome ends unknowne to us, this rude behaviour
Within the Scæne preſented, would appeare
Ridiculous and impoſſible. O you are welcome. *Ent. Carol.*
We now acknowledge the much wrong we did you
In our unjuſt ſuſpicion. We have ſeene
The wonder Sir, your daughter.

Carolo. And have found her
Such as I did report her. What ſhe wanted
In Courtſhip, was I hope ſuppli'd in civill
And modeſt entertainment.

Cozimo. Pray you tell us,
And truly we command you, Did you never
Obſerve ſhe was given to drink?

Carolo. To drink Sir?

Cozimo. Yes. Nay more, to be drunk.

Carolo. I had rather ſee her buried.

Coſi. Dare you truſt your own eyes, if you finde her now
More then diſtemper'd?

Carolo. I will pull them out Sir,
If your Grace can make this good. And if you pleaſe
To grant me liberty, as ſhe is I'll fetch her,
And in a moment.

Cozimo. Looke you doe, and faile not,
On the perill of your head.

Carol. Drunk. She diſdaines it. *Exit Carolo.*

Cozimo. Such contrarieties were never reade of.
Charomonte is no foole, nor can I think
His confidence built on ſand. We are abus'd,
'Tis too apparent. *Enter Carolo and Lidia.*

Lidia. I am indiſpos'd Sir,
And that life you tender'd once, much indanger'd
In forcing me from my Chamber.

Carolo. Here ſhe is Sir,
Suddainly ſick I grant, but ſure not drunk,
Speake to my Lord the Duke.

Lidia. All is diſcover'd. *Kneeles.*

Cozimo. Is this your onely daughter.

Carolo. And my heire Sir,

Nor keepe I any woman in my house
(Unlesse for sordid offices) but one,
I doe maintaine trimm'd up in her cast habite,
To make her sport. And she indeede loves wine,
And wil take too much of it. And perhaps for mirth
She was presented to you.

Cozimo. It shall yeeld
No sport to the conceivers, 'tis too plaine now
Her presence does confirme what Contorino
Deliver'd of her, nor can sickenesse dimme
The splendor of her beauties, being her selfe clear
She must exceede his praise.

Lidia. Will your Grace heare me?
I am faint and can say little.

Cozimo. Here are accents,
Whose every syllable is musicall!
Pray you let me raise you, and a while rest here;
False Sanazarre, trecherous Giovanni;
But stand we talking?

Carolo. Here's a storme soone rais'd.

Coz. As thou art our Subject, Charomonte, sweare
To act what we command.

Carolo. That is an oath
I long since tooke.

Cozimo. Then by that oath we charge thee
Without excuse, denniall, or delay
To apprehend, and suddainly, Sanazarre,
And our Ingratefull Nephew. We have said it.
Doe it without reply, or we pronounce thee,
Like them, a traytor to us. See them guarded
In severall lodgings, and forbid accesse
To all, but when we warrant, Is our will
Heard, sooner then obay'd?

Carolo. These are strange turnes,
But I must not dispute 'em. *Exit Carolo.*

Cozimo. Be severe in't.
O my abused lenity! from what height
Is my power falne?

Lidia. O me most miserable! how
That being innocent, make others guilty.
Most gracious Prince!

Cozimo. Pray you rise, and then speake to me.

Lidia. My knees shal first be rooted in this earth,
And Mirrha-like I'll grow up to a tree,
Dropping perpetuall teares of sorrow, which
Hardned by the rough winde, and turn'd to amber,
Unfortunate virgins like my selfe shall weare,
Before I'll make Petition to your Greatnesse
But with such reverence, my hands held up thus,
As I would doe to heaven. You Princes are
As gods on earth to us, and to be su'd too
With such humility, as his Deputies
May chalenge from their vassalls.

Cozimo. Here's that forme
Of language I expected; pray you speake,
What is your suit?

Lidia. That you would looke upon me
As an humble thing, that millions of degrees
Is plac'd beneath you. For what am I dread sir?
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,
That may be worth your care, much lesse your trouble?
As the lowly shrub is to the lofty Cedar,
Or a molehill to Olympus, if compar'd,
I am to you Sir. Or suppose this Prince,
(Which cannot finde beliefe in me,) forgetting
The greatnesse of his birth, and hopes, hath throwne
An eye of favour on me, in me punish,
(That am the cause) the rashnesse of his youth.
Shall the Queene of the inhabitants of the ayre,
The Eagle that bears thunder on her wings,
In her angry mood destroy her hopefull young,
For suff'ring a Wren to perch too neere 'em?
Such is our disproportion.

Cozimo. With what fervour
She pleades against her selfe!

Lidia. For me poore Mayde,
I know the Prince to be so farre above me,

That

That my wishes cannot reach him; Yet I am
So much his creature, that to fix him in
Your wonted grace and favour, I'll abjure
His sight for ever, and betake my selfe
To a religious life (where in my prayers
I may remember him) and ne're see man more
But my ghostly father. Will you trust me Sir?
In truth I'll keepe my word, not of his father
A little more of feare what may befall him,
Will stop my breath for ever.

Cozimo. Had you thus argu'd *Exits her.*
As you were your selfe, and brought as advocates
Your health and (beauty to make way for you
(Who almost commands it) no crime of his
No concern'd cares in you, could put on such a shape,
But I as one unpitied suiter, should
What would I give to see this dis-ioynd
In her perfect lustre, as she was before
To his mercy for me. The clouds of sickness dimm'd it
The ivory, and as lively red, yet calls comfort,
And as you would obtain a remission for
His treachery to me, cheare your drooping spirits,
Deride my madnesse, and call the blood againe into your cheekes,
And then pleade for him. And in such a habit
A goodly proofe
As in your highest hopes you would put on,
Allowes me like
If we were to receive you for our Bride.
Contrariwise. Yes.

Lidia. I'll doe my best Sir.
And the Dutchesse
Cozimo. And that best will be
A Princesse I have dignified
A crowne of all felicity to
Her favour
She whom I
The end of the fourth Act.

Actus quinti Scæna prima.

Sanazar. In prov'd in me, the curse of humane frailty
(Adding to our afflictions) makes us know
What's good, and yet our violent passions force us
To follow what is ill. Reason
It was not safe
And that to trifle with a Soveraigne's wife

Lidia. O me most miserable! I
That being innocent, make others guilty.
Most gracious Prince!

Cozimo. Pray you rise, and then speake to me.

Lidia. My knees shal first be rooted in this earth,
And Mirrha-like I'll grow up to a tree,
Dropping perpetuall teares of sorrow, which
Hardned by the rough winde, and turn'd to amber,
Unfortunate virgins like my selfe shall weare,
Before I'll make Petition to your Greatnesse
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As I would doe to heaven. You Princes are
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Of language I expected; pray you speake,
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Is plac'd beneath you. For what am I dread sir?
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,
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(Which cannot finde beliefe in me,) forgetting
The greatnesse of his birth and hopes, both throwne
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(That am the cause,) the rashnesse of his youth.
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I know the Prince to be so farre above me,

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To a religious life (where in my prayers
I may remember him) and ne're see man more
But my ghostly fathers. Will you trust me Sir?
In truth I'll keepe my word. Nor if this faile,
A little more of feare what may befall him,
Will stop my breath for ever.

Cosimo. Had you this argu'd *Raises her.*
As you were your selfe, and brought no advocate
Your health and (beauty) to plead for you, (Who almost)
No crime of his could pitt on such a shape,
But I should looke with the eyes of mercy on it.
What would I give to see this diamond
In her perfect lustre, as shee was before
The clouds of sickness dimm'd it? yet take comfort,
And as you would obtaine remission for
His treachery to me, chase your drooping spirits,
And call the blood againe into your cheekes,
And then pleade for him. And if such a faith
As in your highest hopes you would put on
If we were to receive you for our Bride.

Lidia. I'll doe my best Sir.

Cosimo. And that best will be
A crowne of all felicity to me.

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus quinti Scæna prima.

Sanazar. Tis prov'd in me, the curse of humane frailty
(Adding to our afflictions) makes us know
What's good, and yet our violent passions force us
To follow what is ill. Reason assist me
It was not safe, so fleete a Lyons whelpe,
And that to trifle with a Soveraigne, was

To play with lightning: yet imperious beauty
Treading upon the neck of understanding,
Compell'd me to put off my naturall shape
Of loyall duty, to disguise my selfe
In the adulterate, and coobweb masque
Of disobedient treacherie. Where is now
My borrowed Greatnesse? or the promis'd lives
Of following Courtiers bathing my will?
In a moment vanish'd? Power that stands not on
Its proper base, which is peculiar onely
To absolute Princes, falls, or rises, with
Their frowns, or favours. The great Duke my Master
(Who almost chang'd me to his other selfe)
No sooner takes his helmet of comfort from me,
But I as one sinke more, or more guided,
Unpittied suffer! who makes intercession
To his mercy for me now? who does remember
The service I have done him? not a man,
And such as spake no language, but my Lord,
The favorite of Italies grand Duke. *Looks backward.*
Deride my madnesse. Ha! What noise of hooves?
A goodly troope! This back part of my prison
Allowes me liberty to see and know them.
Contarino! Yes, 'tis he, and Lodovico,
And the Dutchesse Fiorinda; Urbins heire,
A Princesse I have slighted, yet I weare
Her favours. Aid to teach me what I am,
She whom I scorn'd but onely medlers for me.
This way she makes, yet speake to her I dare not,
And how to make suit to her, is a taske
Of as much difficulty, yes, thou blessed pledge *Takes off the*
Of her affection ayde me. This supplies *ring, & a pane*
The want of paper and inke, and this of paper. *of glasse.*
It must be so, and I in my Petition
Concise and pithie.

Enter Contarino leading in Fiorinda, Alphonso, Lodovico, Hieronimo, Columbo.

Fiorinda. 'Tis a goodly pile this, a

Hieron.

Hieroni. But better by the owner.
Alphonſo. But moſt rich
In the great States it covers.
Fiorinda. The Dukes pleaſure
Commands us hither.
Contari. Which was laid on us
To attend you to it.
Ludovico. Signior Charomonte,
To ſee your Excellence his gueſt, will think
Himſelfe moſt happy.
Fior. Tye my ſhooe. What's that? *The pane throwne down.*
A pane throwne from the window no winde ſtirring?
Calam. And at your feet too faine, there's ſomthing writ
Con. Some Courtier belike would have it known (on't,
He wore a Diamond.
Calamin(a. Ha, it is directed:
To the Princeſſe Fiorinda.
Fiorinda. We will reade it.
The inſcription.
He whom you plaid to favour, is caſt downe,
Paſt hope of riſing, by the great Dukes frowne,
If by your gentle meanes, he cannes have
A pardon: find that out, to divert your ſtorm.
The ſubſcription.
Of men the moſt diſtreſſed, *Simeuvo.*
Of me the moſt belov'd, and I will ſave thee,
Or periſh with thee. Sure thy fault muſt be
Of ſome prodigious ſhape, if that my prayers
And humble interceſſion to the Duke *Exit Con. & Cimelo.*
Prevaile not with him. Here he comes, delay
Shall not make leſſe my benefit.
Cosimo. What we purpoſe
Shall know no change, and therefore move me not,
We were made as properties, and what we ſhall
Determine of 'em, cannot be call'd rigour,
But noble juſtice. When they prov'd diſloyall,
They were cruell to themſelves. The Prince that pardons
The firſt affront offer'd to majeſtie,

Invites a second, rend'ring that power
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.
Ingratitude is a monster, Carolo,
To be strangl'd in the birth, not to be cherish'd.
Madame, you are happily met with.
Fiorinda. Sir, I am
An humble Suitor to you; and the rather
Am confident of a grant, in that your Grace
When I made choyce to be at your devotion,
Vow'd to denie me nothing.
Cozimo. To this minute
We have confirm'd it, what's your boone?
Fiorinda. It is Sir,
That you in being gracious to your servant,
The ne're sufficiently prais'd Sanazarro,
(That now under your heavy displeasure suffers)
Would be good unto your selfe. His services
So many, and so great (your stormie fury
Calm'd by your better judgment) must inform you,
Some little slip (for sure it is no more)
From his loyall duty, with your justice cannot
Make foule his faire deservings. Great Sir, therefore
Looke backward on his former worth, and turning
Your eye from his offence (what 'tis I know not)
And I am confident, you will receive him
Once more into your favour.
Cozimo. You say well.
You are ignorant in the nature of his fault,
Which when you understand (as we'll instruct you)
Your pitty will appeare a charity
(It being conferr'd on an unthankfull man)
To be repented. He's a traytor Madame
To you, to us, to gratitude, and in that
All crimes are comprehended.
Fiorinda. If his offence
Aym'd at me onely, what so e're it is
'Tis freely pardon'd.
Cozimo. This compassion in you

Muſt make the colour of his guilt more ugly;
The honors we have hourely heap'd upon him,
The titles, the rewards, to the envie of
The old Nobility, as the common people,
We now forbeare to touch at, and will onely
Inſiſt on his groſſe wrongs to you. You were pleas'd
Forgetting both your ſelfe and proper Greatneſſe,
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace
A happineſſe, which on his knees with joy
He ſhould have ſu'd for. Who repin'd not at
The grace you did him? yet in recompence
Of your large bounties, the diſloyall wretch
Makes you a ſtale; and what he might be by you
Scorn'd, and derided, gives himſelfe up wholly
To the ſervice of another. If you can
Beare this with patience, we muſt ſay you have not
The bitterneſſe of ſpleene, or irefull paſſions
Familiar to women. Pauſe upon it,
And when you ſeriouſly have waigh'd his cariage,
Move us againe, if your reaſon will allow it,
His trechery knowne: and then if you continue
His advocate for him, we perhaps, becauſe
We would denie you nothing, may awake
Our ſleeping mercy. Carolo!

Carolo. My Lord. *They whiſper.*

Fiorin. To endure a rivall, that were equall to me,
Cannot but ſpeake my poverty of ſpirit.
But an inferiour more; yet true love muſt not
Know, or degrees, or diſtances. Lidia may be
As farre above me in her forme, as ſhe
Is in her birth beneath me, and what I
In Sanazarro lik'd, he loves in her.
But if I free him now, the benefit
Being done ſo timely, and confirming too
My ſtrength & power, my ſoules beſt faculties being
Bent wholly to preſerve him, muſt ſupply me
With all I am defective, and binde him
My creature ever. It muſt needes be ſo,

Nor

Nor will I give it o're thus.

Cozimo. Does our Nephew
Beare his restraint so constantly, as you
Deliver it to us?

Carolo. In my judgement Sir
He suffers more for his offence to you,
Then in his feare of what can follow it.
For he is so collected and prepar'd
To welcome that, you shall determine of him,
As if his doubts and feares were equall to him.
And sure he's not acquainted with much guilt,
That more laments the telling one untruth
Under your pardon still (for 'twas a fault Sir)
Then others that pretend to conscience, doe
Their crying secret sinnes.

Cozimo. No more, this Gloss
Defends not the corruption of the text, *Carolo and the others whisper.*
Urge it no more.

Fiorinda. I once more must make bold Sir
To trench upon your patience. I have
Consider'd my wrongs duly. Yet that cannot
Divert my interceſſion for a man
Your Grace like me, once favour'd. I am still
A suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe
The hearing his defence, and that I may
With your allowance see, and comfort him.
Then having heard all that he can alleadge
In his excuse, for being false to you,
Censure him as you please.

Cozimo. You will o're-come,
There's no contending with you. Pray you enjoy
What you desire. And tell him, he shall have
A speedy tryall. In which we'll forbeare
To sit a Judge, because our purpose is
To rise up his accuser.

Fiorinda. All encrease
Of happines wait on Cozimo. *Exeunt Fiorin. Calandra.*

Alphonso. VVas it no more?

Carolo.

Carolo. My Honor's pawn'd for it.
Contarino. I'll second you.
Lodovi. Since it is for the ſervice and the ſafety
Of the hopefull Prince, fall what can fall, I'll runne
The deſperate hazard.
Hieroni. He's no friend to vertue
That does decline it. *They all kneele.*
Cozimo. Ha; what ſue you for?
Shall we be ever troubl'd? doe not tempt
That anger may conſume you.
Carolo. Let it Sir,
The loſſe is leſſe, though Innocents, we periſh,
Then that your ſiſters ſonne ſhould fall unheard
Under your fury. Shall we feare to entreate
That grace for him, that are your faithfull ſervants,
VVhich you vouchſafe the Count, like us a ſubject?
Cozimo. Did not we vowe, till ſickneſſe had forſooke
Thy daughter Lidia, and ſhe appear'd
In her perfect health and beauty to pleade for him,
VVe were deafe to all perſwaſion?
Carolo. And that hope Sir
Hath wrought a miracle. She is recover'd,
And if you pleaſe to warrant her, will bring
The penitent Prince before you.
Cozimo. To enjoy
Such happines, what would we not diſpenſe with?
Al. Lodo. Hie. We all kneele for the Prince.
Contarino. Nor can it ſtand
With your mercy, that are gracious to Strangers,
To be cruell to your owne.
Cozimo. But are thou certaine
I ſhall behold her at the beſt?
Carolo. If ever
She was handſome, as it fits not me to ſay ſo,
She is now much better'd.
Cozimo. Riſe, thou art but dead
If this prove otherwiſe. Lidia appeare,
And feaſt an appetite almoſt pin'd to death

With longing expectation to behold
Thy excellencies; thou as beauties Queene
Shalt censure the detractors. Let my Nephew
Be led in triumph under her command,
We'll have it so; and Sanazarro tremble
To think whom he hath slander'd; we'll retire
Our selves a little, and prepare to meete
A blessing, which imagination tells us
We are not worthy of; and then come forth
But with such reverence, as if I were
(My selfe the Priest, the sacrifice my heart)
To offer at the Altar of that goodnesse
That must or kill or save me. *Exit Cosimo.*

Carolo. Are not these
Strange gambols in the Duke?

Alphonso. Great Princes have
Like meaner men their weaknesse.

Lodovico. And may use it
Without controule or check.

Centorio. 'Tis fit they should,
Their priviledge were lesse else, then their Subjects.

Hier. Let them have their humors, there's no crossing 'em.

Actus quinti Scæna ultima.

Fiorinda, Sanazarro, Calamista.

Sanazar. AND can it be your bounties should fall down
In showers on my ingratitude? or the wrongs
Your Greatnesse should revenge, teach you to pittie?
What retribution can I make? what service
Pay to your goodnesse, that in some proportion
May to the world expresse, I would be thankfull?
Since my engagements are so great, that all
My best endevours to appeare your creature
Can but proclaime my wants, and what I owe
To your magnificence.

Fiorinda. All debts are discharg'd

In

In this acknowledgement ; yet since you please
I shall impose some termes of satisfaction
For that which you professe your selfe oblig'd for,
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not
I hope afflict you.
Sanazar. Make me understand
Great Princesse, what they are, and my obedience
Shall with all cheerefull willingnesse subscribe
To what you shall command.
Fiorinda. I will binde you to
Make good your promise. First, I then enjoyne you
To love a Lady, that a Noble way
Truly affects you, and that you would take
To your protection and care the Dukedome
Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but yours.
And that when you have full possession of
My person, as my fortunes, you would use me
Not as a Princesse, but instruct me in
The duties of an humble wife, for such
(The priviledge of my birth no more remembred)
I will be to you. This consented to
All injuries forgotten, on your lips
I thus signe your quietus.
Sanazar. I am wretched
In having but one life to be imploy'd
As you please to dispose it. And believe it,
If it be not already forfeited
To the furie of my Prince, as 'tis your gift,
With all the faculties of my soule, I'll study
In what I may to serve you.
Fiorinda. I am happy *Enter Giovanni and Lidia.*
In this assurance. What
Sweet Lady's this ?
Sanazar. 'Tis Lidia Madame, she.——
Fiorinda. I understand you :
Nay, blush not, by my life she is a rare one !
And if I were your Judge I would not blame you,
To like and love her. But Sir you see mine now.

And I presume so on your constancie,
That I dare not be jealous.
Sanazaro. All thoughts of her
Are in your goodnesse buried.
Lidia. Pray you Sir
Be comforted, your innocence should not know
What 'tis to feare, and if that you but looke on
The guards that you have in your selfe, you cannot.
The Duke's your Uncle Sir, and though a little
Incens'd against you, when he sees your sorrow
He must be reconcil'd. What rugged Tartar,
Or Canniball, though bath'd in humane gore,
But looking on your sweetnesse, would forget
His cruell nature, and let fall his weapon,
Though then aym'd at your throat?
Giovanni. O Lidia,
Of Mayds the honor, and your sexes glory.
It is not feare to die, but to loose you
That brings this Feaver on me. I will now
Discover to you, that which till this minute
I durst not trust the ayre with. Ere you knew
What power the magique of your beauty had,
I was inchanted by it, lik'd, and lov'd it,
My fondnesse still encreasing with my yeares:
And flatter'd by false hopes, I did attend
Some blessed oportunity to move
The Duke with his consent to make you mine.
But now, such is my starre-crost destinie,
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot
Denie himselfe the happinesse to enjoy you.
And I as well in reason may entreat him
To give away his Crowne, as to part from
A jewell of more value, such you are:
Yet howsoever, when you are his Dutchesse,
And I am turn'd into forgotten dust,
Pray you love my memory. I should say more
But I am out of
Enter Duke, Cursal, &c. at a door.
Sanazaro. The Duke? the countenance once,

When

When it was cloth'd in smiles, shew'd like an Angels,
But now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury,
'Tis terrible to looke on. *The Duke admiring Lidia.*
Lidia. Sir.
Cozimo. A while
Silence your musicall tongue, and let me feast
My eyes with the most ravishing object that
They ever gaz'd on. There's no miniature
In her faire face, but is a copious theme
Which would (discours'd at large of) make a volume.
What cleare arch'd browes? what sparkling eyes? the Lillies
Contending with the Roses in her cheekes,
Who shall most set them off? what ruby lips?
Or unto what can I compare her neck,
But to a rock of christall? every limb
Proportion'd to loves wish, and in their neatnesse
Add lustre to the riches of her habit,
Not borrow from it.
Lidia. You are pleas'd to shew Sir
The fluencie of your language, in advancing
A Subject much unworthy.
Cozimo. How unworthy?
By all the vowes which Lovers offer at
The Cyprian Goddesse Altars, eloquence
It selfe presuming, as you are, to speake you,
Would be struck dumb. And what have you deserv'd thea?
(VVretches you kneele too late) that have endevour'd
To spout the poyson of your black detraction
On this immaculate whitenesse? was it malice
To her perfections? or ——
Fiorinda. Your Highnesse promis'd
A gracious hearing to the Count.
Lidia. And Prince too,
Doe not make voyde so just a grant.
Cozimo. We will not, *Ladies in the*
Yet since their accusation must be urg'd, *Court of State*
And strongly, ere their weak defence have hearing, *chuse*
We seat you here as Judges to determine

Of your groſſe wrongs and ours. And now remembring
Whoſe Deputies you are, be neither ſway'd,
Or with particular ſpleene, or fooliſh pittie,
For neither can become you.

Carolo. There's ſome hope yet
Since they have ſuch gentle Iudges.

Cozimo. Riſe, and ſtand forth then,
And heare with horror to your guilty ſoules
What we will prove againſt you. Could this Princeſſe
(Thou enemie to thy ſelfe) ſtoope her high flight
Of towring greatneſſe to invite thy lowneſſe
To looke up to it, and with nimble wings
Of gratitude, couldſt thou forbeare to meet it?
Were her favours boundleſſe in a noble way,
And warranted by our allowance, yet
In thy acceptation there appear'd no ſigne
Of a modeſt thankfulneſſe?

Fiorinda. Pray you forbeare
To preſſe that farther, 'tis a fault we have
Already heard, and pardon'd.

Cozimo. We will then paſſe over it, & briefly touch at that
Which does concern our ſelfe. In which both being
Equall offenders, what we ſhall ſpeake, points
Indifferently at either. How we rais'd thee
(Forgetfull Sanazarro of our Grace)
To a full poſſeſſion of power, and honors,
It being too well knowne, we'll not remember.
And what thou were (raſh youth) in expectation
(And from which headlong thou haſt throwne thy ſelfe)
Not Florence, but all Tuskany can witneſſe
With admiration. To aſſure thy hopes,
We did keepe conſtant to a widdowed bed,
And did deny our ſelfe thoſe lawfull pleaſures,
Our abſolute power and height of blood allow'd us.
Made both, the keyes that open'd our hearts ſecrets,
And what you ſpake believ'd as Oracles.
But you in recompence of this to him
That gave you all, to whom you ow'd your being

VVith trecherous lies endevour'd to conceale
This jewell from our knowledge, which our selfe
Could onely lay just clayme too.
Giovanni. 'Tis most true Sir.
Sinazar. We both confesse a guilty cause.
Cozimo. Looke on her,
Is this a beauty fit to be imbrac'd
By any Subjects armes? Can any tyre
Become that forhead, but a Diadem?
Or should we grant your being false to us
Could be excus'd, your trechery to her
In seeking to deprive her of that greatnesse
(Her matchlesse forme consider'd) she was born too,
Must ne're finde pardon? we have spoken Ladies
Like a rough Orator, that brings more truth
Then rhetorique to make good his accusation,
And now expect your sentence. *The Ladies descend from the State.*
Lidia. In your birth Sir
You were mark'd out the Iudge of life, and death,
And we that are your Subjects to attend
With trembling feare your doome.
Fiorinda. VVe doe resigne
This Chaire as onely proper to your selfe.
Giovan. And since in justice we are lost, we flie
Unto your saving mercie. *All kneeling.*
Sanazarro. VVhich sets off
A Prince much more then rigour.
Carolo. And becomes him
When 'tis expres'd to such as fell by weaknesse
(That being a twin-borne brother to affection)
Better then wreathes of conquest.
Hie. Lod. Cos. Alph. VVe all speake
Their language mighty Sir.
Cozimo. You know our temper,
And therefore with more boldnesse venter on it.
And would not our consent to your demands
Deprive us of a happinesse hereafter

Ever

Ever to be deſpair'd of, we perhaps
Might hearken nearer to you, and could wiſh
With ſome qualification or excuſe
You might make leſſe the mountaines of your crimes,
And ſo invite our clemencie to feaſt with you.
But you that knew with what impatiencie
Of griefe we parted from the faire Clarinda
Our Dutcheſſe, (let her memory ſtill be ſacred)
And with what imprecations on our ſelfe
We vow'd, not hoping e're to ſee her equall,
Ne're to make triall of a ſecond choyce,
If Nature fram'd not one that did excell her,
(As this Mayds beauty prompts us that ſhe does)
And yet with oathes then mix'd with teares, upon
Her monument we ſwore our eye ſhould never
Againe be tempted, 'tis true, and thoſe vowes
Are regiſtred above, ſomething here tells me.
Carolo thou heardſt us ſweare.

Carolo. And ſweare ſo deeply,
That if all vvomens beauties were in this
(As ſhe's not to be nam'd with the dead Dutcheſs.)
Nay, all their vertues bound up in one ſtory
(Of which mine is ſcarce an Epitome)
If you ſhould take her as a vvife, the waight
Of your perjuries would ſink you. If I durſt
I had told you this before.

Cozimo. 'Tis ſtrong truth Carolo,
And yet what was neceſſity in us
Cannot free them from treaſon.

Carolo. There's your error.
The Prince in care to have you keepe your vowes
Made unto heaven, vouchſaf'd to love my daughter.

Lidia. He told me ſo indeed Sir.

Fiorinda. And the Count
Averr'd as much to me.

Cozimo. You all conſpire
To force our mercy from us.

Carolo.

Carolo. VVhich giv'n up
To after-times, preserves you unforswome,
An Honor, which will live upon your Tombs
When your Greatnesse is forgotten.
Cozimo. Though we know
All this is practise, and that both are false,
Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda,
And to our serious oathes, that we are pleas'd
VVith our owne hand to blinde our eyes, and not
Know what we understand. Here Giovanni
VVe pardon thee, and take from us in this,
More then our Dukedome, love her. As I part
VVith her, all thoughts of vvomen flie fast from vs.
Sanazarro, we forgive you. In your service
To this Princesse merit it. Yet let not others
That are in trust and grace, as you have beene,
By this example of our lenity,
Presume upon their Soveraignes clemencie. *Exeunt.*
All. Long live great Cozimo. *Enter Caland. Petro.*
Caland. Sure the Duke is
In the giving vaine they are so lowd. Come on Spouse,
We have heard all, and we will have our boone too.
Cozimo. What is't?
Caland. That your Grace, in remembrance of
My share in a dance, and that I play'd your part (grant
When you should have drunk hard, would get this Signiors
To give this Damsell to me in the Church,
For we are contracted; in it you shall doe
Your Dukedome pleasure.
Cozimo. How?
Calandr. Why the whole race
Of such as can act naturally foolys parts,
Are quite worne out, and they that doe survive,
Doe onely zanie us; and we will bring you,
If we die not without issue, of both sexes
Such chopping mirth-makers, as shall preserve
Perpetuall cause of sport, both to your Grace,

And your posterity, that sad melancholly
Shall ne're approach you.

Cosimo. We are pleas'd in it,
And will pay her portion. May the passage prove
Of what's presented, worthy of your love,
And favour, as was aym'd, and we have all
That can in compasse of our wvishes fall.

The end.